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ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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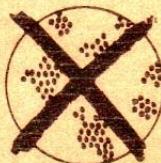


RESEARCH EXPERT SAYS:

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC FORMULA (Contains no Alcohol) DESTROYS THESE HAIR-KILLING GERMS:



STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS



MOROCOCCUS



MICROBACILLUS



PITYROSPORUM
OVALE



NOTHING CAN DO MORE TO

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Look for these symptoms: ITCHY SCALP, DANDRUFF, UNPLEASANT HEAD ODORS, HEAD SCALES, HAIR LOSS. It may be nature's warning of approaching baldness. Be guided by NATURE'S WARNING. Do as thousands do: start using the NEW AND IMPROVED, AMAZING, SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA (it contains no alcohol!).

NEW FORMULA GIVES BETTER RESULTS

It kills quickly and efficiently millions of trouble-breeding bacteria. This new and improved HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA now kills safely and quickly ALL FOUR types of these destructive hair germs. Many medical authorities know that these hair-destroying germs are a significant cause of baldness. Do what science knows nothing better for you to do: KILL THESE GERMS, they may DESTROY your HAIR growth. Act now, mail coupon below and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense! No other formula known to science can do more to SAVE YOUR HAIR!

GET FIVE IMMEDIATE BENEFITS

- (1) Kill the four types of germs that may be retarding your normal hair growth.
- (2) Help stop scalp itch and burn.
- (3) Follow the instructions of the treatment and start enjoying healthful massaging action.
- (4) Helps bring hair-nourishing blood to scalp.
- (5) Helps remove ugly loose dandruff.

Don't wait till you get BALDI! It's TOO LATE then. Remember, science knows no cure for baldness. The NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA that contains no alcohol, helps keep your scalp (that may be sick) free of loose dandruff, soborrheal, and helps stop the hair loss they cause. With this formula your hair will appear thicker, more alive and attractive almost from the first time you use it.

SATISFIED USERS SAY:

Nothing I have ever used has done more for my hair. A. P., Trenton, N. J.

My friends remark how much better my hair looks after using your formula for only two weeks. Mr. A. L., Boston, Mass.

No hair expert I have ever gone to has done as much for me. H. T., New York City.

My scalp feels better, my hair looks better, my hair itch is gone; it's the only thing that ever helped my hair. H. H., Chicago, Ill.



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA doesn't live up to your expectations, if you don't feel it's the best thing you ever did for your hair, if your hair and scalp doesn't appear improved, if you are not 100% delighted with it, if after using it for 10 days you don't see an improvement, return the unused portion and your money will be refunded in full. You have nothing to lose, you are the sole judge. SO DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL!

HAIR RESEARCH CO., Dept. 53
1025 Broad Street
Newark, New Jersey

Rush one month's supply of your NEW AND IMPROVED AMAZING SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA at once. I enclose \$2.00 cash, check or money order, ship prepaid. My money will be refunded if not satisfied.

Name ...

Address ...

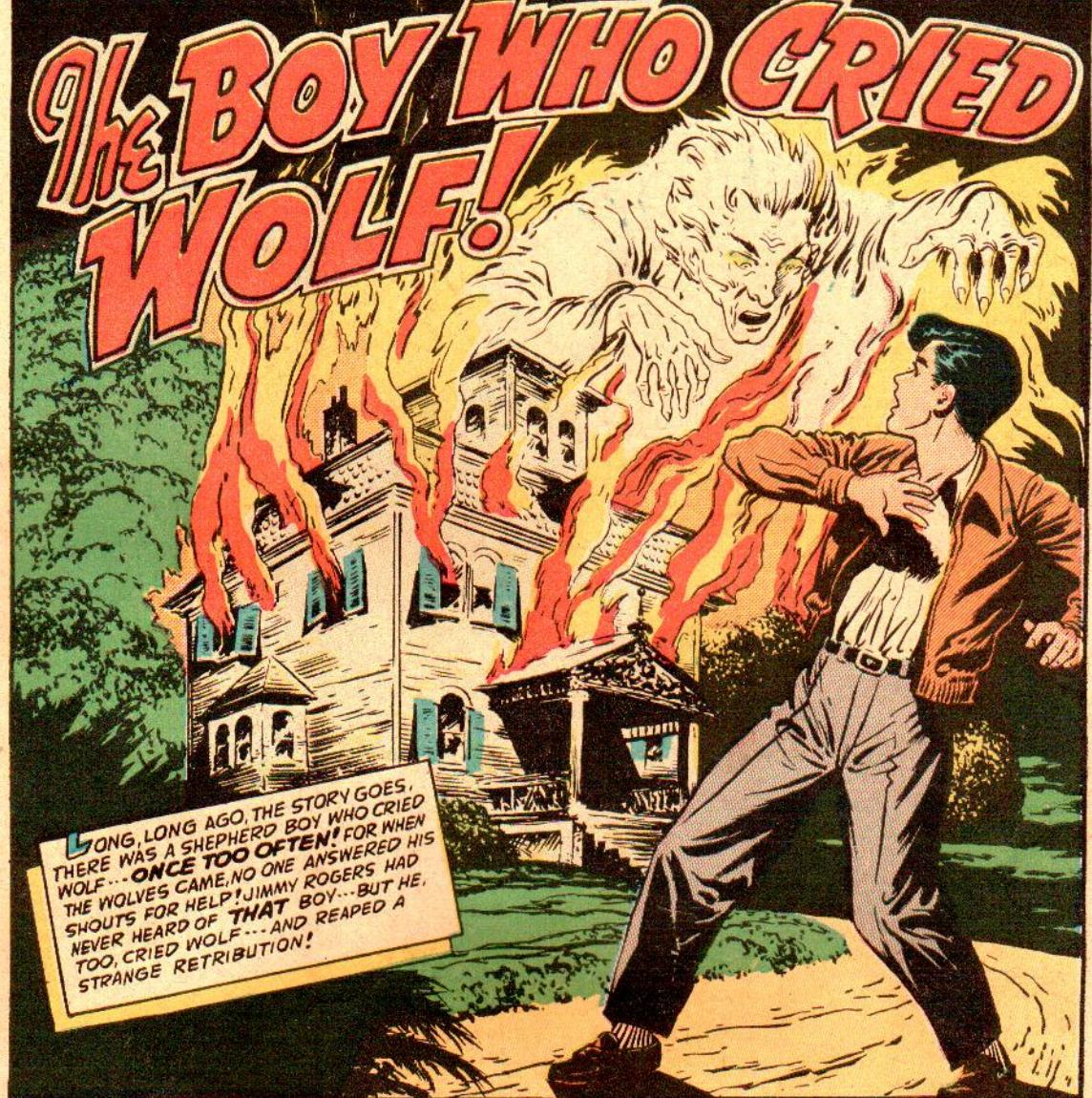
City ... State ...

I understand if not delighted with the NEW AND IMPROVED HAIR FORMULA, I can return it after 10 days for full purchase price refund.

I enclose \$5.00, send 3 months supply.

The Boy Who Cried WOLF!

LONG, LONG AGO, THE STORY GOES, THERE WAS A SHEPHERD BOY WHO CRIED WOLF... **ONCE TOO OFTEN!** FOR WHEN THE WOLVES CAME, NO ONE ANSWERED HIS SHOUTS FOR HELP! JIMMY ROGERS HAD NEVER HEARD OF THAT BOY... BUT HE, TOO, CRIED WOLF... AND REAPED A STRANGE RETRIBUTION!



JIMMY ROGERS WAS 16, HAND-SOME, CLEVER, A GREAT GUY WITH THE GALS...

SAY, WHO'S THE LADY STEPPIN' OUT WITH THIS CRUMB?

THAT'S NO LADY... HE'S OUT WALKIN' ONE OF HIS DOGS!

WHA...

WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID, WISE GUY?

YOU HEARD ME, PRETTY BOY... WANT A REPEAT?

OUCH!

CRACK!

OOOF! LAY OFF! WE WERE ONLY KIDDIN'!

A GREAT GUY WITH THE GALS, AND HANDY WITH HIS FISTS...

I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THAT KIND OF KIDDING FROM THE LIKES OF YOU!



AT LEAST, THAT WAS THE WAY HE TOLD IT!

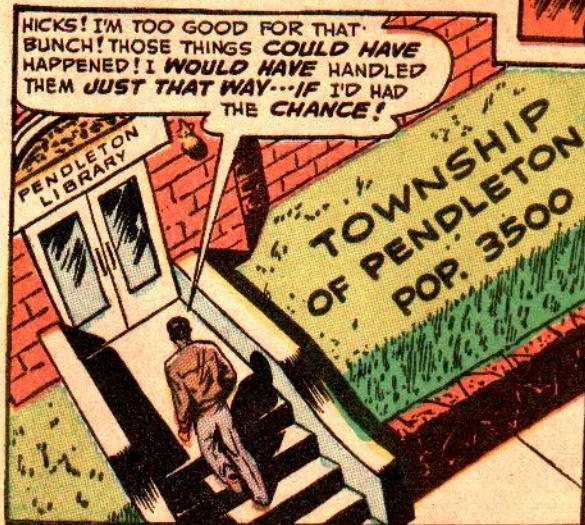
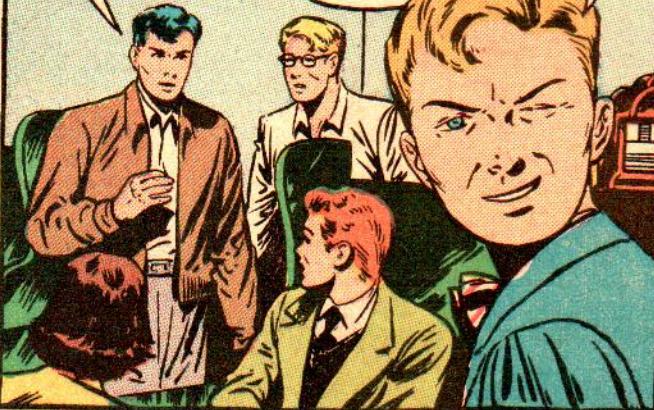
...HAPPENED TO ME ONLY
LAST WEEK... JUST LIKE
THAT... DOWN AT FIFTH
AND MAIN...

OH, C'MON, JIMMY! BET THAT WAS
NOTHIN' COMPARED WITH SOME
OF YOUR OTHER ADVENTURES!
TELL US
MORE!

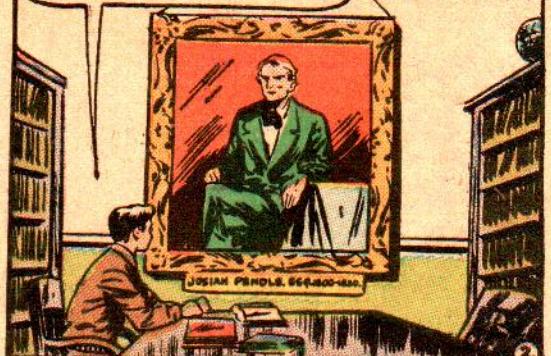
**"WELL... THE TIME I WAS ON VACATION
IN THE NORTH WOODS..."**

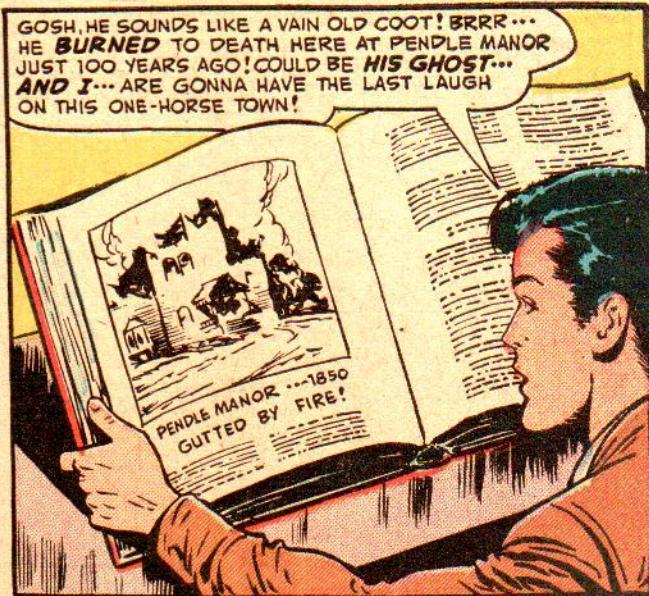
THAT LITTLE GIRL'S
CORNERED BY A
BEAR! SHE'S A
GONER... UN-
LESS...

HELP!
HELP!



BETTER GET SOME STUDYING DONE!
SOME DAY... I'LL SHOW THEM! AND
WHEN THAT DAY COMES... SAY! THAT
PICTURE... GIVES ME AN IDEA!





WHO ARE YOU CALLING A LIAR? WHY, I DID JUST WHAT I SAID I DID... AND I COULD DO IT AGAIN!

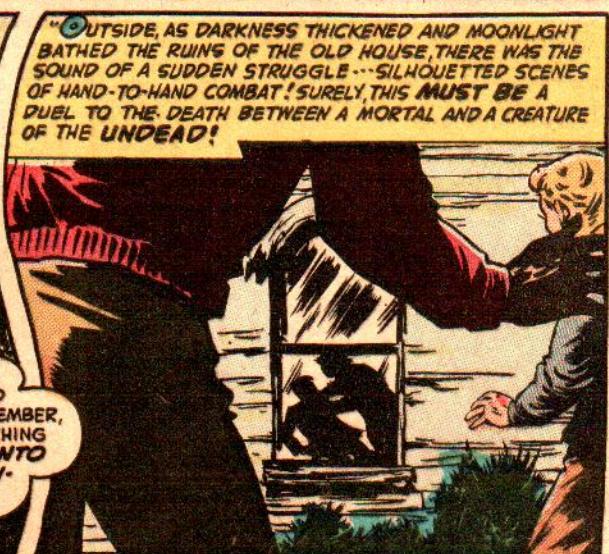
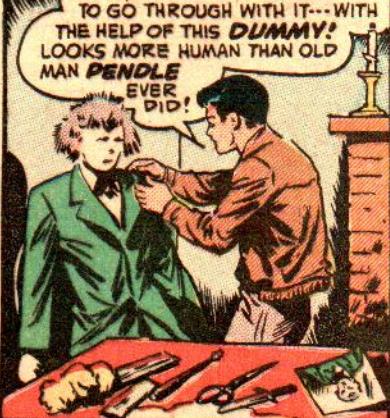
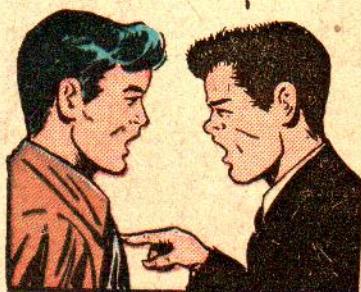
WE'VE GOT YOU WHERE WE WANT NOW! WE'RE GONNA CALL YOUR BLUFF!

NAME THE TIME AND WE'LL BE AT THE "HAUNTED" PENDLE MANOR... WHILE YOU DO IT AGAIN!

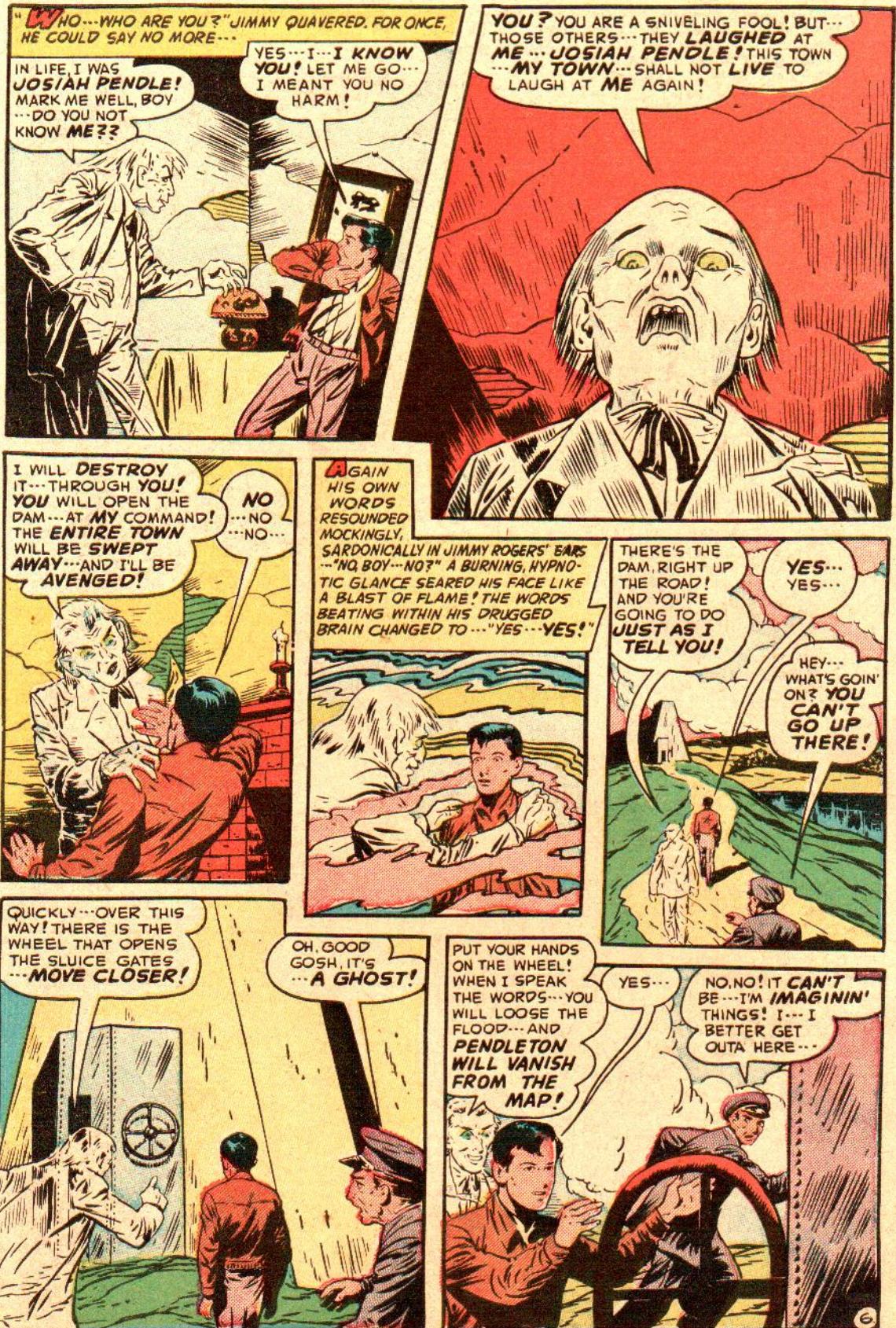
I... I WILL... I WILL! ER... SURE! TONIGHT!

YES, JIMMY HAD CRIED WOLF... AND THIS TIME, THERE WAS NO BACKING OUT! BUT HE HAD A PLAN... AND AT PENDLE MANOR...

THEY'LL BE HERE RIGHT AFTER NIGHTFALL! I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT... WITH THE HELP OF THIS DUMMY! LOOKS MORE HUMAN THAN OLD MAN PENDLE EVER DID!



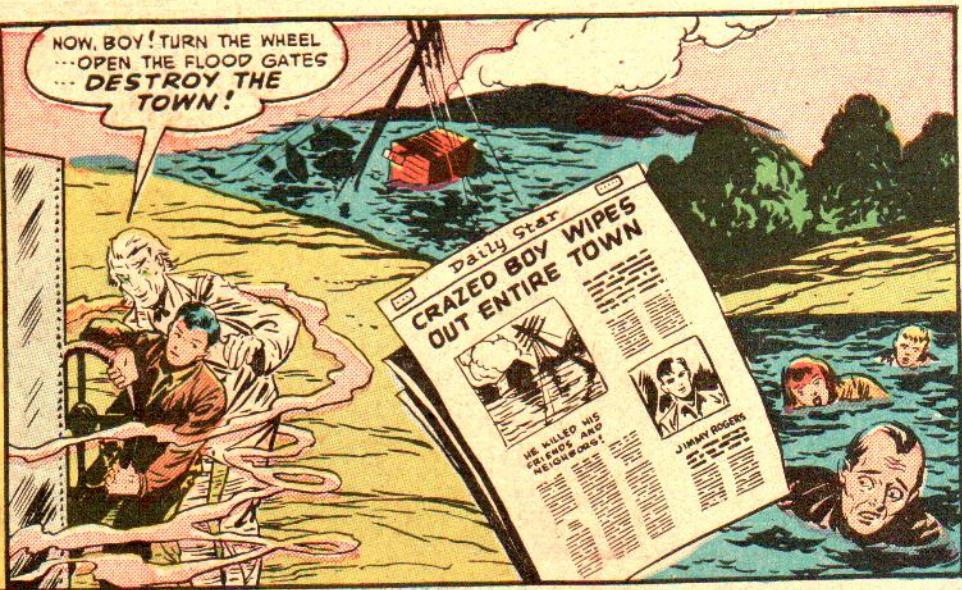




THEY SAY THAT SOMETIMES, IN A FLASH, ONE CAN LOOK BACK ON HIS ENTIRE EARTHLY SPAN! IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, MYRIAD SCENES CAN PASS BEFORE HIS EYES...SCENES OF HAPPINESS AND HORROR...LIFE AND...IN THE CASE OF JIMMY ROGERS...DEATH!



NOW, BOY! TURN THE WHEEL
...OPEN THE FLOOD GATES
...DESTROY THE TOWN!



THEY SAY, TOO, THAT A MAN IS ESSENTIALLY DECENT...

NO! I CAN'T!
NO! NO! NO!



I MAY HAVE BEEN A FOOL...A LOUD-MOUTHED LIAR! BUT A MURDERER...NEVER! I WON'T DO IT...AND YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!

THE CHOICE IS YOURS!
HELP ME DESTROY THE TOWN...OR...



...YOU'LL REGRET IT!
I WILL NOT BE DENIED!
JOSIAH PENDLE WILL HAVE HIS REVENGE!

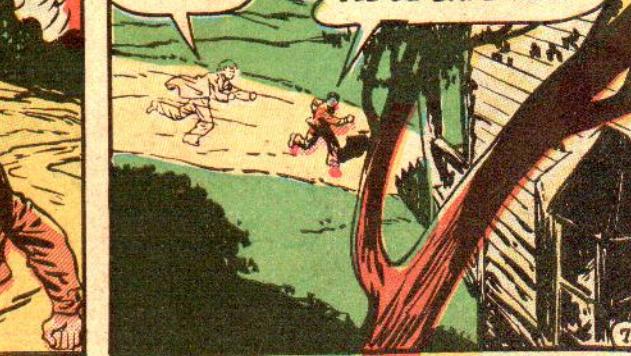
GOT...TO
...GET...
AWAY!...
RUN...



GOLD HANDS OF TERROR CLAWED AT JIMMY! HE RAN...BUT THE SPIRIT MOVED AFTER HIM!

THERE IS NO ESCAPE
...NO
ESCAPE!

I CAN'T OUTRUN THAT
...THAT THING! GOT TO
HIDE...GET HELP...
THAT HOUSE! MAYBE
I'LL BE SAFE THERE...





ALASKA'S PHANTOM CITY

One of the strangest stories to come from the mouths of explorers is that of the great phantom city high above Alaska's glaciers, unbelievably suspended in the sky! Hard to believe, reader? Perhaps--but not when you know that the city has actually been **PHOTOGRAPHED!**



ONE OF THE EARLY PIONEERS IN ALASKA WAS A MAN NAMED WILLOUGHBY, AFTER WHOM WILLOUGHBY ISLAND WAS NAMED--A MAN TO WHOM THE NATIVE INDIANS TOLD STRANGE TALES!

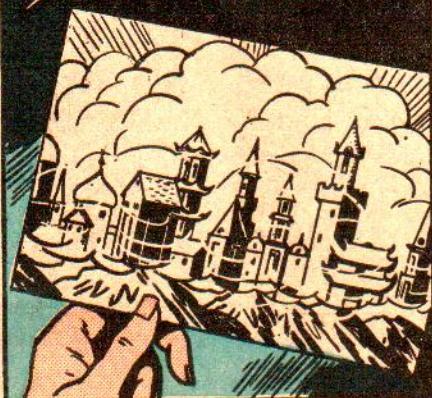


AND THEN, AS REPORTED IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE OF FEB. 17, 1901...



WHEN THE PHOTO WAS DEVELOPED...

IT WASN'T A MIRAGE!
THAT PHANTOM CITY
IS REAL!



THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY INVESTIGATED WILLOUGHBY'S STORY AND FINALLY CONCLUDED THAT EVERY YEAR, BETWEEN JUNE 21 AND JULY 10, A PHANTOM CITY DOES APPEAR OVER THE GLACIER OF MT. ST. ELIAS! BUT THE PHANTOM CITY ITSELF STILL AWAITS THE COMING OF ITS FIRST EXPLORER--OF THE MAN WHO WILL MAKE THIS GREATEST ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN!!

Aunt Mag's CAT

AUNT MAG lived in a shuttered old house with no companion but a huge black cat. Some folks muttered she was wealthy, and others whispered she was a witch. And since witches used to be blamed for everything, it's easy to see how Otie Simmons began to suspect Aunt Mag. His crops were flattened by hail, his cow went dry, and foxes ran off with his chickens—and it didn't take Otie long to figure why! How *else* could Aunt Mag get all that money she was said to have—unless the devil himself paid her for hexing honest people?

Brooding, Otie decided to kill the witch—and steal her miserly hoard to pay for the damage she had caused! Late one night, rifle in hand, Otie prowled through the woods toward Aunt Mag's house. He sneaked up to the window—dreading what would happen to *him* if he failed to kill the witch. There she was, sitting with the black cat on her lap—and it was now or never! Trembling, Otie raised the rifle and fired. As Aunt Mag slumped in her chair, her dress bloodstained, the cat leaped yowling into the shadows.

Otie was nervous about the cat. Everyone knew that a spirit will rise if a cat leaps over the corpse—and Otie didn't want a witch's ghost haunting *him*. But killing the cat wasn't as important as finding Aunt Mag's hoard. Otie searched—from the shadowed room where the old woman sagged in

the chair, to the attic—muffled in a thick shroud of dust. It was here he finally found something—a pool of blood. Who else but a witch could die like *that*—her body downstairs, and her blood glistening on the attic floor? Terrified, Otie fled from the house.

Next day, everyone was talking about the horrible thing that had happened to Aunt Mag—and the whole town turned up at her house. "I've got to go, too!" Otie mumbled to himself. "If I'm the only one who stays away—they'll *know* it was me!" That evening, Otie stood in Aunt Mag's bedroom with a group of silent neighbors. Suddenly—he stared nervously as Aunt Mag's black cat padded toward the bed—its green eyes fixed on Otie!

"It's just a cat," Otie muttered, shivering. "What if it *does* jump over?" And that's just what the cat *did* do—glaring hatefully at Otie as it bounded over Aunt Mag's bed. Slowly, slowly, the figure on the bed stirred—then, as Otie let out a yell of horror, the pale form sat bolt upright! "*I killed her—I killed her!*" babbled Otie, as several men led him out of the house.

"Why, what's wrong with Otie Simmons?" asked Aunt Mag, feebly. "Has he gone crazy?" "Everyone *knows* he's a bit queer!" replied a woman. "Now, just lie back and rest, and try to forget what happened last night—when your poor black cat was shot dead on your lap!"

Vampire's Castle

ONE OF MY FORMER SQUADRON BUDDIES PICKED UP THIS OLD PARCHMENT DRAWING IN A MUNICH BOOKSTORE, TRUDY! IT'S EXACTLY THE KIND OF MATERIAL I NEED FOR MY BOOK ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF AVIATION!

THAT'S AN AWFULLY CRUDE APPARATUS, BILL... BUT IT CERTAINLY DOES SEEM THAT DR. MANUSALA TRIED TO FLY WITH IT AT DOMA CASTLE IN TRANSYLVANIA... WAY BACK IN 1506!

WHAT MYSTERIOUS IMPULSE PROMPTED MAN'S FIRST ATTEMPTS TO FLY? COULD IT HAVE BEEN THE SIGHT OF BATS TWITTERING IN THE DUSK -- THE LEGEND OF VAMPIRES WHOSE BLACK AND FURRY WINGS RUSTLED IN THE GLOOM OF MIDNIGHT?

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MEN SHUDDERED AND BELIEVED SUCH THINGS -- A TIME THAT REMAINED UNCHANGED IN THE CREAKING CORRIDORS OF THE VAMPIRE'S CASTLE!

TRUDY, I'VE LEARNED DOMA CASTLE IS STILL STANDING -- AND I'LL BET A SEARCH OF THE PLACE WOULD UNCOVER THE VERY APPARATUS DR. MANUSALA EXPERIMENTED WITH! LET'S FLY THERE -- AND TAKE ALONG A CAMERA AND DEVELOPING KIT SO WE'LL BE SURE OF GETTING PICTURES FOR MY BOOK!

SOMETHING LIKE A WARNING CROSSES TRUDY'S MIND -- A VAGUE TREMOR OF DOUBT!

I CAN UNDERSTAND DR. MANUSALA BEING INTERESTED IN FLYING, BILL -- BUT ISN'T IT STRANGE THAT HE MODELED THE WINGS AFTER THOSE OF A BAT -- RATHER THAN A BIRD?

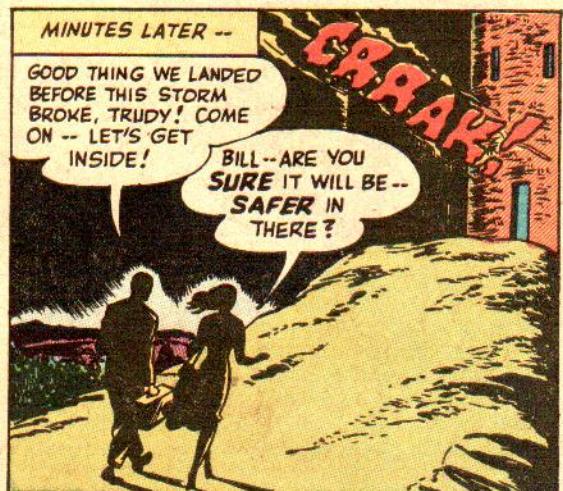
GOSH, TRUDY.. ANY AIRMAN KNOWS THAT A BAT'S WING IS JUST AS EFFICIENT AS A BIRD'S! THERE'S NO REASON WHY DR. MANUSALA SHOULD HAVE AVOIDED BATS--JUST BECAUSE OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD THEY INSPIRE!

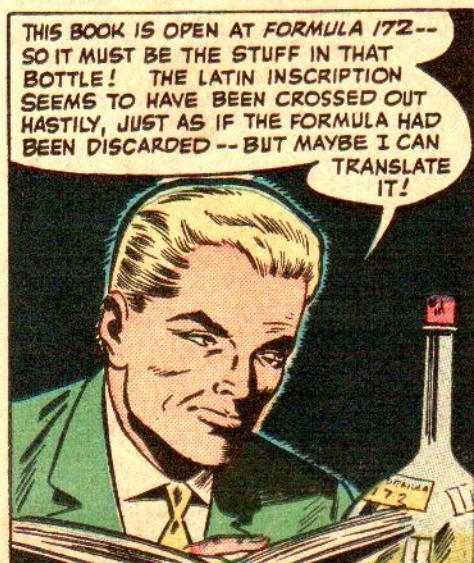
BY NIGHTFALL -- BILL'S PLANE IS DRONING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC!

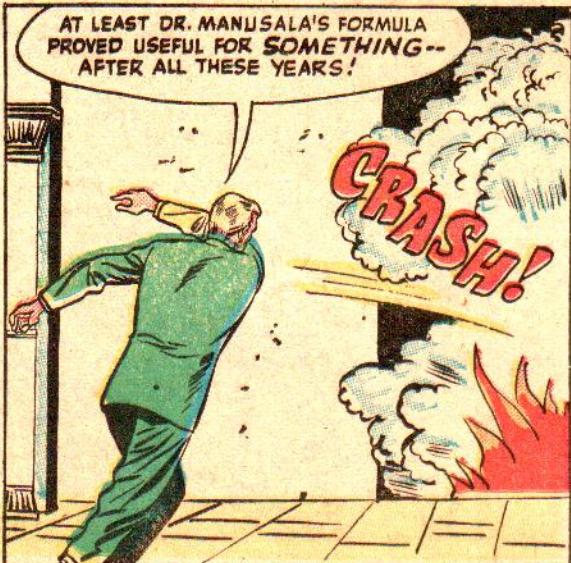
TRANSYLVANIA IS A PRETTY RUGGED COUNTRY -- BUT THE OLD ATLAS I CONSULTED MENTIONED THAT DOMA CASTLE CAN BE UNMISTAKABLY IDENTIFIED!

WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS? WHY SHOULD IT BE DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER CASTLE?









TRUDY, DR. MANUSALA IS DEAD -- HE DIED OVER FOUR CENTURIES AGO -- SO THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T TRY TO GET SOME REST IN ONE OF THE UPSTAIRS CHAMBERS! I HAVEN'T FINISHED LOOKING AROUND YET -- AND BEHINDS, IT WOULD BE SUICIDE TO ATTEMPT A TAKEOFF IN THIS KIND OF COUNTRY BEFORE DAYLIGHT!

A MOMENT LATER --

I THINK I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, BILL -- BUT WILL YOU BE NEAR ENOUGH TO HEAR ME IF ANYTHING HAPPENS?



NATCH! AND IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY MORE SECURE-- THERE'S A GUN AT THE BOTTOM OF MY PHOTOGRAPHY KIT!

AS BILL CROSSES THE ECHOING MAIN HALL --

HAAA! HAA- HAAA! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A LAUGH -- AND IT'S DIABOLICAL! WE'VE JUST LEFT DR. MANUSALA'S LABORATORY -- AND I KNOW THERE'S NOTHING DOWN THERE!



BUT OUT OF THE PIT BELOW -- LIKE A NIGHTMARE COME TO LIFE --

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS! FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF WAITING -- MIDNIGHT AFTER MIDNIGHT -- AND NOW I'M FREE!



HALF HOPPING -- HALF FLAPPING -- THE TERRIFYING FORM ADVANCES!

I NEEDN'T ASK WHO YOU ARE -- YOU FOUND THE SECRET THAT HAD ESCAPED ME! DR. MANUSALA! I THOUGHT MY FORMULA WAS A FAILURE -- NOT REALIZING THAT THE COMPOUND NEEDED AGING BEFORE IT BECAME EFFECTIVE!



AND IT HAS AGED -- LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE IT A POTENCY I NEVER HOPED FOR! CASTING THE LIQUID OVER MY SKELETON HAS RE-CREATED ME AS I WANTED TO BE -- AS A VAMPIRE!



WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO GAIN BY THAT, MANUSALA? WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY FIND -- BUT THE FEAR AND LOATHING OF EVERYONE YOU MEET?

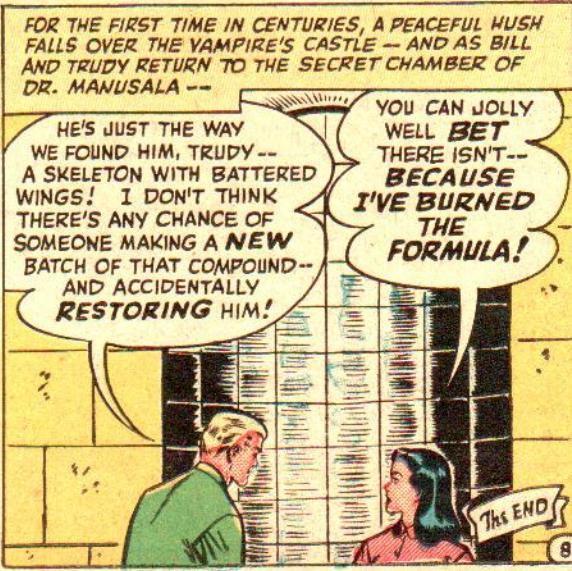
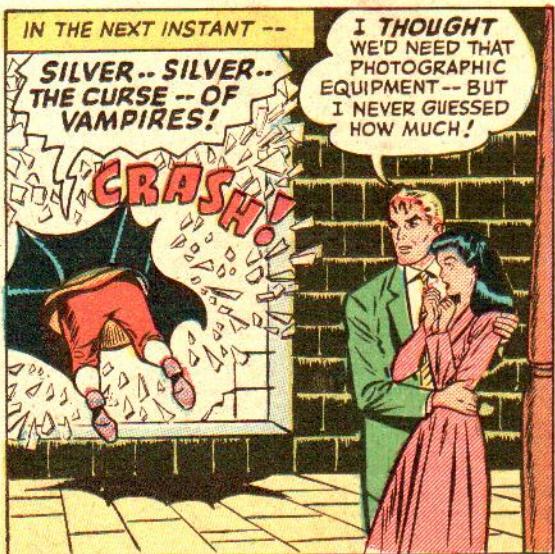
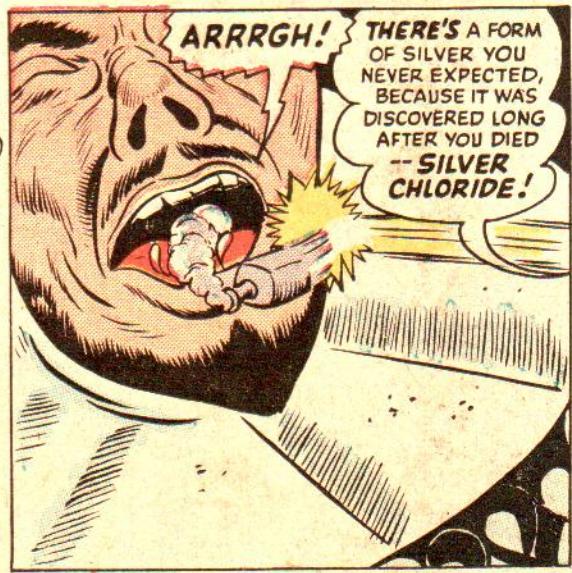
IMMORTALITY

-- BECAUSE THE MAGIC THAT WAS ONCE USED TO CHECK VAMPIRES IS FORGOTTEN NOW. WHAT HAVE I TO FEAR FROM A SILVER STAKE -- WHEN I HAVE TRAINED MYSELF TO STAY AWAY FROM POINTED SILVER OBJECTS? AS LONG AS MY VICTIMS LAST -- I SHALL LIVE FOREVER!









The END



FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG
52
PAGES



They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...
Read **AMERICAN!**

Seeing RABBITS

JOHN MARA, who'd had too much to drink, stared at the strange, rocket-like machine that his headlights picked up along the side of the lonely country road. For a moment, he thought it might be real, but when he saw the large pink rabbit standing upright on its hind legs near the machine, he chortled happily. "Haw, I'm seein' rabbits again," he giggled.

On a sudden impulse, the intoxicated man pulled over to the side of the road and stopped in front of the rabbit. "Hey, wanna ride?" he shouted.

The rabbit stared coldly at him for a moment and then said distinctly, "Yes, I think I do. Just wait a moment while I set my robo-ship controls on a course that will follow us."

As the rabbit disappeared into the interior of his strange ship, Mara slapped his thigh uproariously. "I sure musta had plenty—this is the first time I've heard rabbits talk!"

A moment later, the rabbit reappeared, got into the car and slammed the door behind it. Delighted with his imaginary company, Mara said, "Where yuh comin' from—an' where yuh goin'?"

The rabbit's whiskers ruffled contemptuously. "I come from a world whose name I'm sure you don't know—I'm going to the city—to city after city—to wipe them and all their inhabitants from the face of this planet!"

Mara roared with laughter. "Haw, haw, what a joke! If yuh come from another world, how do yuh know how to speak English?"

The rabbit snorted impatiently. "Be-

cause all of us *Rhus* are telepathic—and I can read your mind and instantly understand your language! Of course, I'm exaggerating when I say you *have* a mind. You stupid humans will be no opposition to me whatsoever when I turn the *Rhu* weapons against you—and when the whole planet is free, all the excess population of my world will come here to settle!"

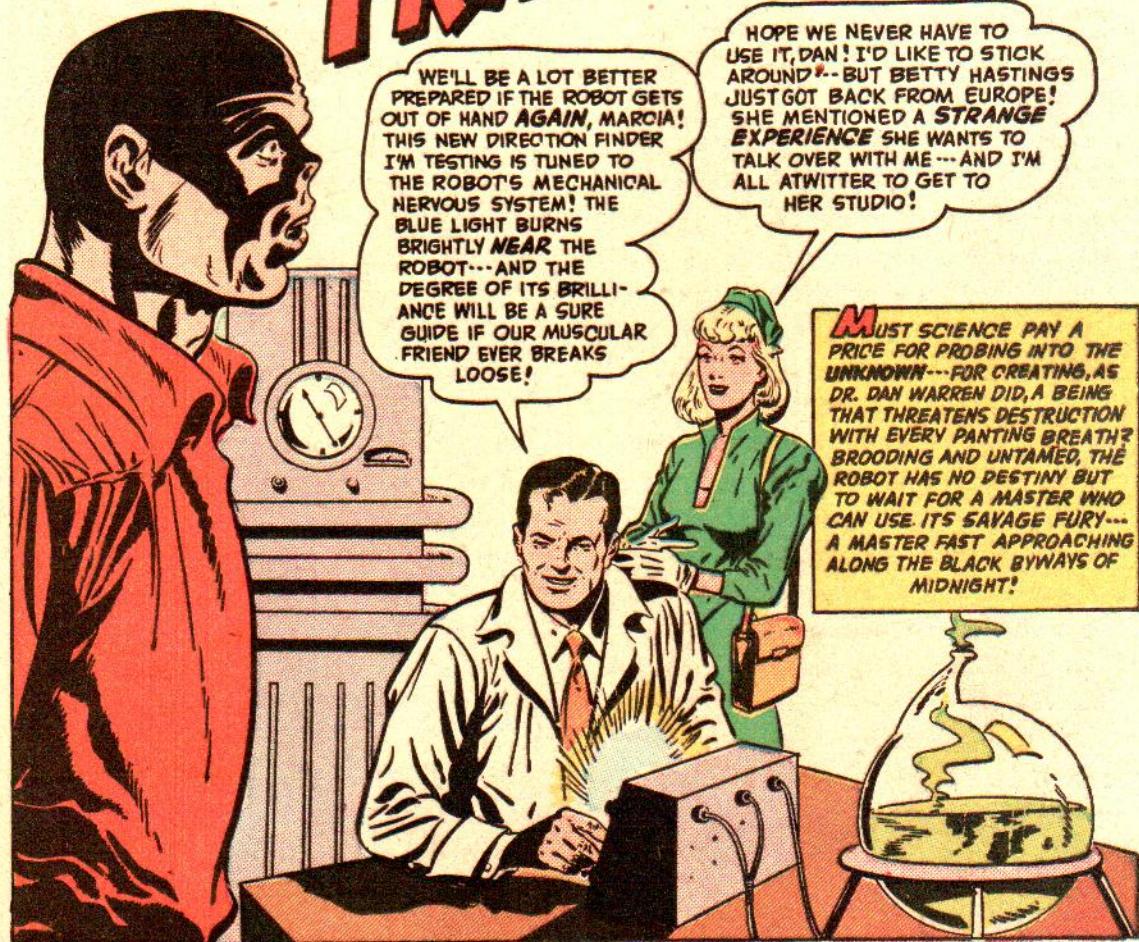
John Mara roared with merriment. "Yuh sure are a hot one!" he gasped. "I seen a lot o' pink rabbits that walked around on their hind legs and acted human—just as I've seen a lot o' pink elephants an' snakes—but this is the first time I've seen a pink rabbit that *talks*!"

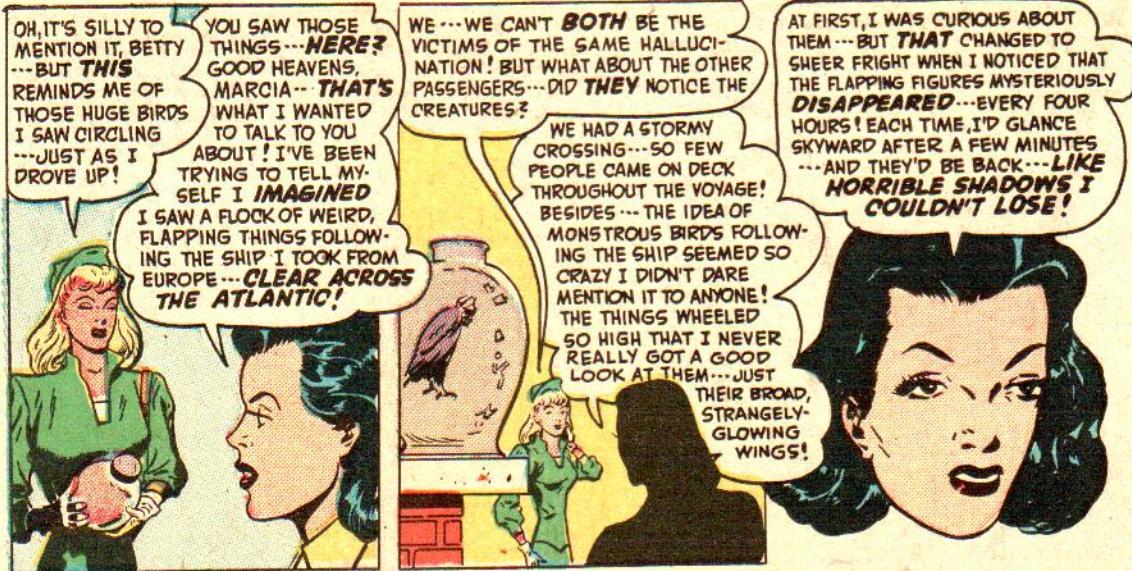
"WHAT?" the rabbit shouted. "You mean *other* pink *Rhus* have come to this world? You . . . you must mean the *outlaw Rhus*—the mute ones who never speak! They are our mortal enemies—they are far more powerful than we are! And if the mute *Rhus* have already arrived here, this world is unsafe for us—I will have to return and give the warning to my people to seek some other world—perhaps Mars!"

Suddenly, before Mara knew what was happening, the rabbit got the door open, leaped up to its robo-ship that hovered just above the car, and disappeared in a roar of rocket tubes.

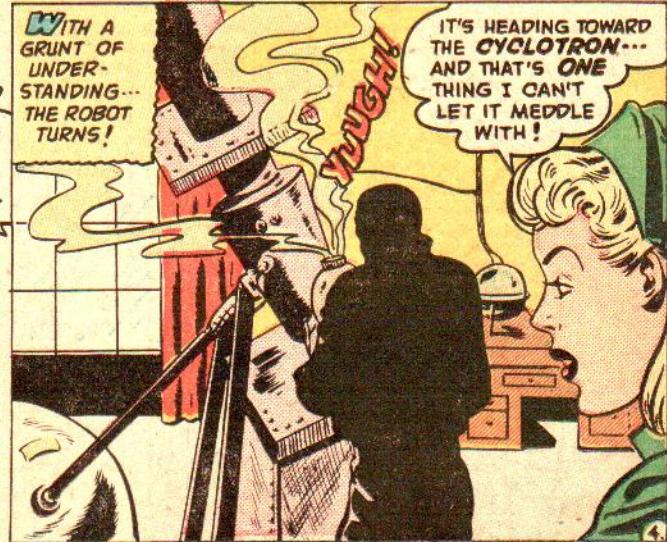
Grinning, John Mara shook his head. "Boy, I got a real case of the D.T.'s! I'd better pull over and sleep this binge off!" And he stopped the car at the side of the road and lay down on the seat the rabbit had occupied, his head nestled among a few stray rabbit hairs.

SPIRIT of FRANKENSTEIN









BUT SOONER STOP A LANDSLIDE ... THAN THE
BELLOWING BRUTE THAT ANSWERS A SUMMONS
FROM THE BEYOND!

NOW I KNOW IT'S
UNDER SOME EVIL
GUIDANCE...ONE THAT
NOT EVEN DAN
COULD HANDLE!



AS THE ROBOT PAUSES BEFORE THE BANKED SWITCHES
ON THE CONTROL PANEL...

YOU HAVE WATCHED
...YOU REMEMBER!
NEFER-RA...
COMMANDS!

IT DOES REMEMBER,
BETTY...IT'S ABOUT TO
TRAIN THE CYCLOTRON'S
LOW-POWER BEAM
ON THE JAR!



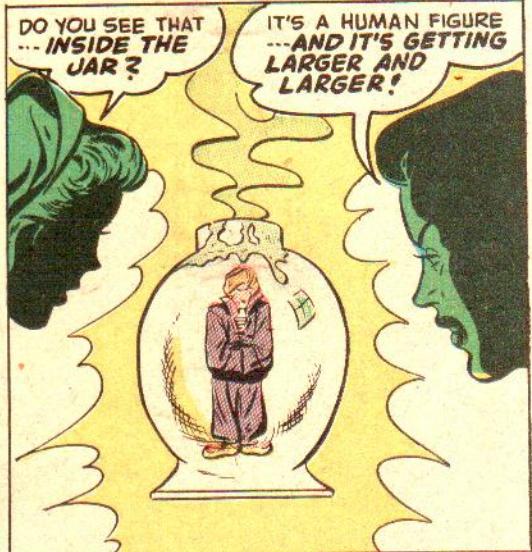
HALF A MILLION CRACKLING VOLTS...A JAGGED
SURGE BRIDGING LIFE AND DEATH...AND THE ROBOT
DROPS THE SWITCH!

CRRAK!



DO YOU SEE THAT
...INSIDE THE
JAR?

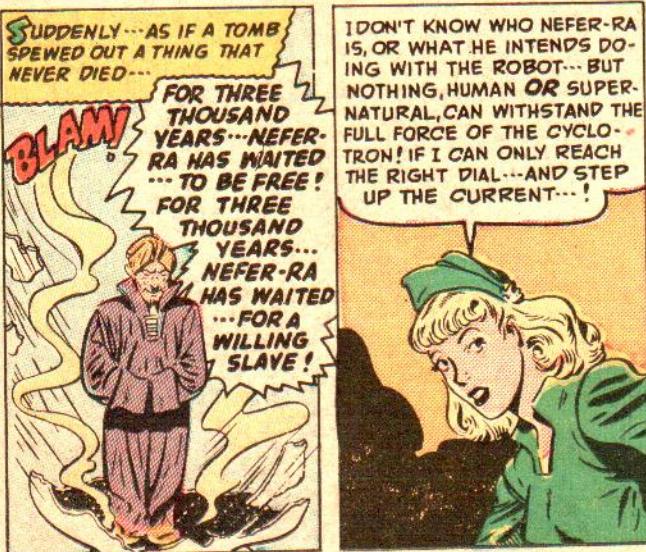
IT'S A HUMAN FIGURE
...AND IT'S GETTING
LARGER AND
LARGER!



SUDDENLY...AS IF A TOMB
SPWEDED OUT A THING THAT
NEVER DIED...

BLAMI!
FOR THREE
THOUSAND
YEARS...NEFER-
RA HAS WAITED
...TO BE FREE!
FOR THREE
THOUSAND
YEARS...
NEFER-RA
HAS WAITED
...FOR A
WILLING
SLAVE!

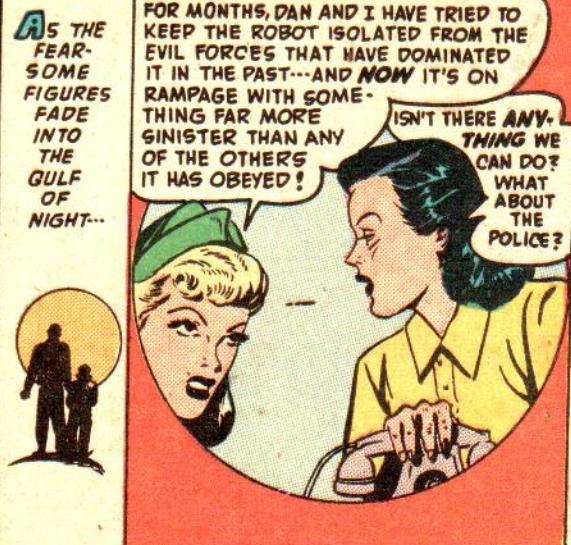
I DON'T KNOW WHO NEFER-RA
IS, OR WHAT HE INTENDS DO-
ING WITH THE ROBOT...BUT
NOTHING, HUMAN OR SUPER-
NATURAL, CAN WITHSTAND THE
FULL FORCE OF THE CYCLO-
TRON! IF I CAN ONLY REACH
THE RIGHT DIAL...AND STEP
UP THE CURRENT...!



SPURRED BY A FLASH OF FIENDISH UNDER-
STANDING...THE ROBOT REARS!

GOOD
HEAVENS!





THAT WON'T WORK... ANY ATTEMPT TO CONTROL THE ROBOT BY **FORCE CAN LEAD TO DISASTER! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL DAN RETURNS WITH THE DIRECTION FINDER... AND MEANWHILE, IT **MAY** HELP IF WE CAN LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT NEFER-RA!**



NEFER-RA SAID HE HAD BEEN WAITING THREE THOUSAND YEARS... WHICH MEANS HE MUST HAVE DIED AROUND 1000 B.C.!



WAIT... THERE HE IS! NEFER-RA... ROYAL SORCERER IN THE COURT OF RAMSES IV!

FOR THIRTY YEARS, THE INFAMOUS NEFER-RA WAS THE REAL RULER OF EGYPT... AND THOUSANDS DIED THROUGH HIS BLACK MAGIC! WHEN THE WIZARD'S CHARMED LIFE CAME TO AN END, HIS DEATH WAS ASCRIBED TO A CURSE BY THE SPIRITS OF THOSE HE HAD SLAIN!"



MARIA? I'VE MANAGED TO REACH A FARMHOUSE PHONE ON ROCKY CREEK ROAD... AFTER THE DIRECTION FINDER LIGHT INDICATED THE ROBOT'S ON THE **MOVE! WHAT IN THUNDER HAPPENED?**



IT'S GONE, DAN... BUT I'D BETTER TELL YOU THE REST AFTER WE MEET!

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AT THE BIG OAK TREE NEAR THE CROSSROAD! BETTER GET HERE FAST--I'VE GOT TO CATCH UP WITH THE ROBOT BEFORE IT CUTS LOOSE IN A DESTRUCTIVE FURY!

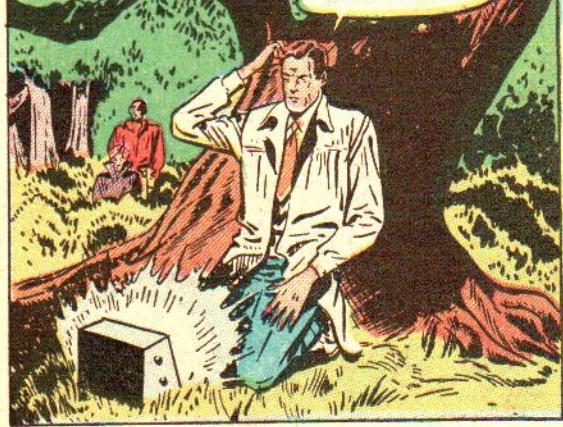


HAVING THE ROBOT ON THE PROWL WITH THE SPIRIT OF AN EVIL EGYPTIAN SORCERER IS BAD ENOUGH...BUT THANK GOODNESS THOSE **TERRIBLE THINGS WITH THE WINGS** AREN'T ANYWHERE IN SIGHT!

FUNNY, ISN'T IT? I REMEMBER YOUR SAYING THEY DISAPPEARED EVERY FOUR HOURS WHEN THEY WERE FOLLOWING THE SHIP... BUT **THIS TIME** THEY HAVEN'T COME BACK!



SOON AFTERWARD... WONDER WHAT GIVES WITH THE DIRECTION FINDER? IT **CAN'T** BE OUT OF WHACK... AND IT HASN'T SHONE **THIS** BRIGHTLY SINCE I LEFT THE LAB!



NOPE---THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE MECHANISM! THE ROBOT'S SOMEWHERE AROUND... **AND CLOSE!**

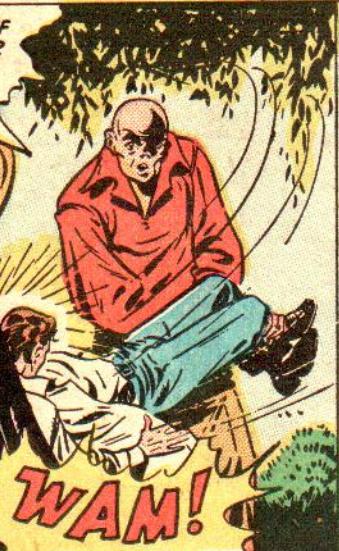
THEN... LIKE A NIGHTMARE CRASHING INTO REALITY...

YARRGH! NOW... NEFER-RA... IS SAFE! WHILE NEFER-RA... HAS THIS... THE CREATURES HE FEARS... CANNOT FIND HIM!

DESERPTELY... DAN BREAKS AWAY FROM THE IRON CLUTCH!



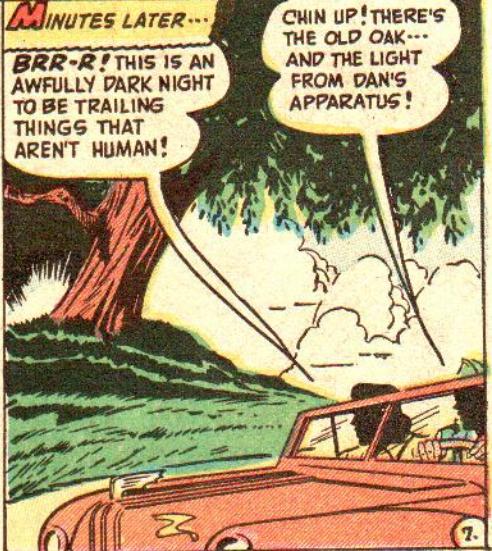
WHAT DOES THE COMMAND OF A MODERN SCIENTIST MATTER... AGAINST AN EVIL WILL THIRTY CENTURIES OLD?

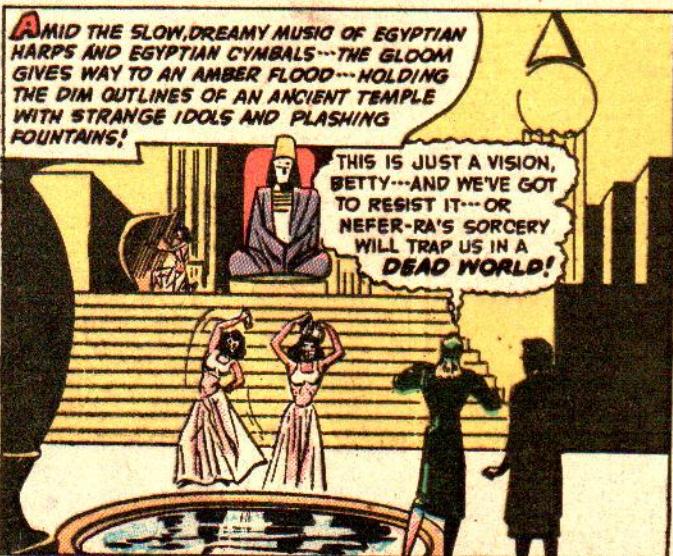


MINUTES LATER...

BRR-R! THIS IS AN AWFULLY DARK NIGHT TO BE TRAILING THINGS THAT AREN'T HUMAN!

CHIN UP! THERE'S THE OLD OAK... AND THE LIGHT FROM DAN'S APPARATUS!





AS IF DIVINING DAN'S THOUGHTS...NEFER-RA TURNS...
HIS FACE A MASK OF GRISLY TRIUMPH!

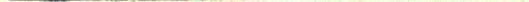
MY HANDS...ARE
CLOSE... VERY
CLOSE! TELL
HIM... TO DO...
AS I COMMAND!

NO! IF THE
DIRECTION FINDER
HELPS YOU... I'LL
TRAMPLE ON THE
PIECES BEFORE YOU
USE IT!

SUDDENLY...AS THE SORCERER'S GLINTING EYES
FLASH Hearer...

MARcia...
LOOK! THOSE.
FLAPPING THINGS
ARE CIRCLING
AGAIN!

THE BAS...THE
BAS! THE
ANCIENT
SPIRITS HAVE
FOUND ME!



FOR A BRIEF INSTANT, NEFER-
RA HUDDLES AS THE CREATURES
SWOOP IN A FIERY RUSH! THEN
...IN THE MILLING VORTEX OF
GLEAMING WINGS...

YAAAGH!



AS THE WINGED AVENGERS
SOAR SKYWARD...DISAPPEARING
IN A FIERY SWIRL...

BAS! BELIEVE IT OR NOT,
MARcia...BUT THAT'S THE NAME
THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS GAVE TO
THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD!

THAT ISN'T HARD TO
BELIEVE...BECAUSE
THOSE VERY SPIRITS
ARE WHAT FINISHED
OFF NEFER-RA THREE
THOUSAND YEARS
AGO...THE SPIRITS
OF HIS VICTIMS!



THERE WAS A REASON FOR THEIR
FOLLOWING ME ACROSS THE ATLANTIC...
AND KEEPING WATCH OUTSIDE MY STUDIO!
THEY WERE KEEPING TABS ON THE RE-
MAINS OF NEFER-RA'S MUMMY...TO
MAKE SURE HE'D NEVER REVIVE! BUT I
STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY
DISAPPEARED EVERY FOUR HOURS
DURING THE VOYAGE...AND AGAIN
TONIGHT...UNTIL THE VERY LAST
MOMENT!



IN OTHER WORDS...UNTIL THE
DIRECTION FINDER WAS
SMASHED! SOMETHING
ABOUT ITS FREQUENCY PRE-
VENTED THE BAS FROM LOCAT-
ING NEFER-RA...JUST AS THE
SHIP'S PERIODIC RADIO SIGNALS
THREW THEM OFF THE TRAIL! THAT'S
WHY NEFER-RA WANTED THE DIREC-
TION FINDER...HE KNEW THE SPIRITS
WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO
FIND HIM AS LONG
AS THE DEVICE WAS
SWITCHED ON!



WELL, THE ROBOT SEEMS DOGIE
ENOUGH TO BE LED BACK TO THE
LAB...BUT WHAT'S HE STARING
AT?

JUST THE REMAINS OF
NEFER-RA, DAN...THE
BROWN PIGMENT THAT
USED TO BE KNOWN
AS MUMMY!



THE SPIRIT OF FRANKENSTEIN REACHES
A NEW HEIGHT OF HAIR-RAISING SUS-
PENSE...IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

Greetings, all you "Adventures Into The Unknown" fans! It's publication time again, and we're bringing you this latest issue of your favorite magazine with the hope that you'll find it the best yet! Just between us all, we're doing our level best to make this the best supernatural book ever published. Doing that calls for a constant succession of topnotch stories that will thrill you, hold you spellbound, captivate and challenge your imagination... which is a tall order! We can't do it by continually presenting the same type of stories. That's why our writers, editors and research experts are ever on the alert for new slants, for original ideas, for fresh and gripping material culled from out the great realm of the Unknown. That's why our stories are continually different. Let's take this issue, for instance. It starts off with "The Boy

Who Cried Wolf," a new, fast-paced and experimental thriller—and we hope you'll like it! And then there's "The Vampire's Castle." You've asked for vampire stories, all of you—so here's a new type! As for "Vision of Death," we're sure you'll admit that here's a supernatural yarn that challenges from start to finish! And, just to be different, we're bringing you "The Civic Spirit"—ghosts that pack a laugh! Add "Spirit of Frankenstein," back for a repeat command performance, season well with other great headline features, and presto! That's this issue—and we want to find out what you think of it! Won't you write us—please?

A lot of you have been writing us. Mind if we present a cross-section of what you've been saying? We'll close our eyes, dip into our mailbag—and here goes!

"Dear Sirs:

Hurray for 'Adventures Into the Unknown!' Your comic book is *tops!* I have always been interested in the supernatural, and think the stories in your book are *swell!* That goes for the drawing, too. Stories I've liked are 'The Werewolf Stalks,' 'Phantom of the Seas,' 'The Vampire Prowls,' 'Back to Yesterday,' and 'The Spirit of Frankenstein.' Why not a series on motion pictures—Boris Karloff and Lon Chaney, Jr. stuff? Meanwhile, I'm saving all your books—keep up the good work! Yours till Frankenstein's Monster meets Count Dracula!

—Terry Walsh, Chicago, Ill."

"Dear Editor:

I'm 14 years old and used to read all kinds of comics, but since I read the first issue of 'Adventures Into the Unknown,' it seems centuries till the next issue comes. It's *wonderful* to read this exciting magazine—there's no comic like it! Every friend in my neighborhood can't wait to get hold of it. *Please*—publish it more often!

—Abraham Feldman, Bronx, N. Y."

"Dear Sirs:

Wow! Your comic book is *terrific!* Never before have I read such stories! They're *tops* and your covers are great—but there's one thing I *don't* like about 'Adventures Into the Unknown.' It's only published every two months! But—keep up the good work! My favorite story has been 'Back to Yesterday'—please, please publish more stories like that! I'm saving your books so I can make a volume of supernatural stories for my library!

—Hank T. Sypniewski"

"Dear Editor:

In your preceding issues of 'Adventures Into the Unknown,' I have read all the letters of congratulation and admiration directed toward your comic, and I wish to contribute my share of the bravos. I think it's *wonderful!* Like Mr. Parry, whose letter appeared in No. 7, I, too, have been collecting your books, and it's a collection to be proud of! Forever an ardent fan—

—Sue Trammell, Jacksonville, Fla."

We appreciate the nice things you've been saying, fans, and are taking your suggestions to heart. Let's hope they'll make "Adventures Into the Unknown" a bigger, bet-

ter magazine—the kind you deserve—the kind we want to bring you! Our next issue will be an all-star number, so—take our advice and see that you *don't miss it!*

SO YOU
DIDN'T BELIEVE
IT COULD
HAPPEN,
EH?

The

CIVIC SPIRIT

WHO WOULD
BELIEVE IT -- EVEN
IF THEY DID KNOW
THE WHOLE
STORY?



DON'T TRY TO GUESS WHAT GOES ON HERE --
BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T A GHOST OF A
CHANCE! WE'LL HAVE TO START FROM THE
BEGINNING -- BACK TO THE TERRIBLE
MOMENT WHEN A GROUP OF CROOKED
POLITICAL BOSSES DECIDED TO
TEAM UP WITH THE
SUPERNATURAL!

LET'S VISIT THE CITY HALL IN A SMALL EASTERN
CITY -- JUST AS ITS CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE!
IT'S THE HUSHED HOUR WHEN SINISTER CREATURES
ARE SUPPOSED TO GATHER AND HATCH THEIR

GHOLLY PLOTS --
AND THAT'S JUST
WHAT THEY'RE
DOING!

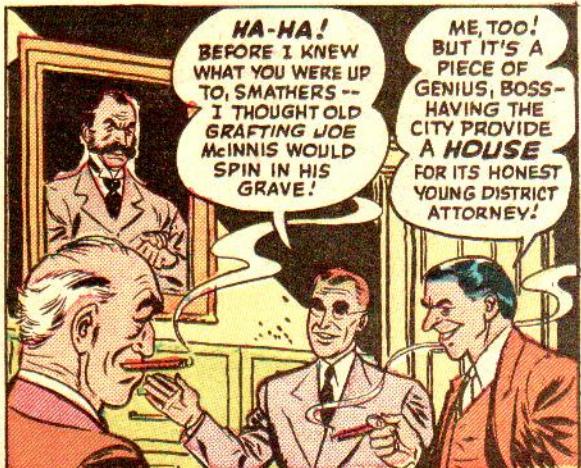


THE IDEA IS TO GET RID OF TOM BAILEY -- BEFORE
HE GETS RID OF US! HE CAN'T CONTINUE HIS
INFERNAL INVESTIGATIONS IF HE LEAVES TOWN
-- AND I DON'T THINK
HE'LL STAY AFTER
HE FINDS HE'S LIVING
IN A HAUNTED
HOUSE!

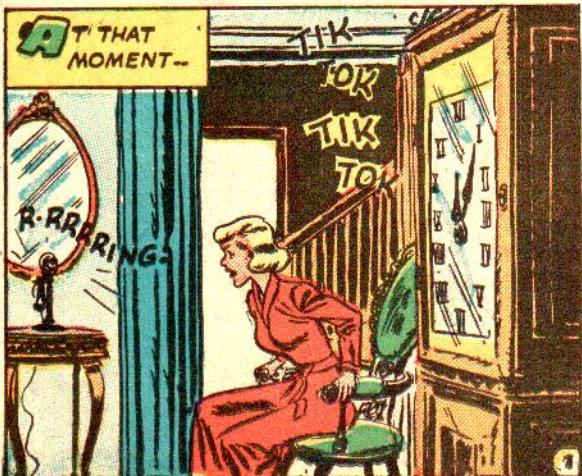


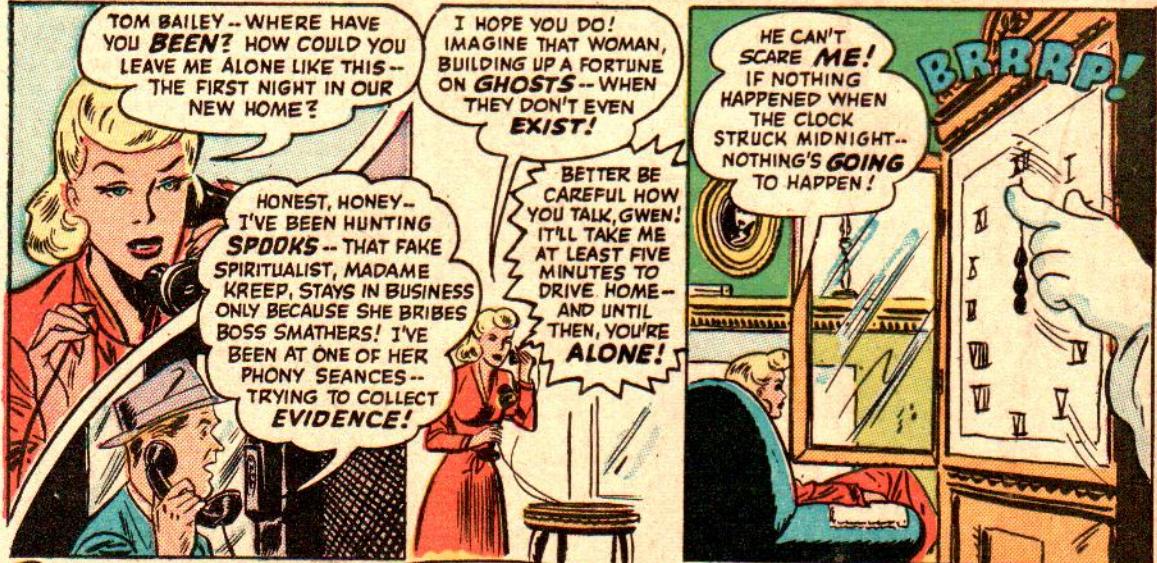
HA-HA!
BEFORE I KNEW
WHAT YOU WERE UP
TO, SMATHERS --
I THOUGHT OLD
GRAFTING JOE
McINNIS WOULD
SPIN IN HIS
GRAVE!

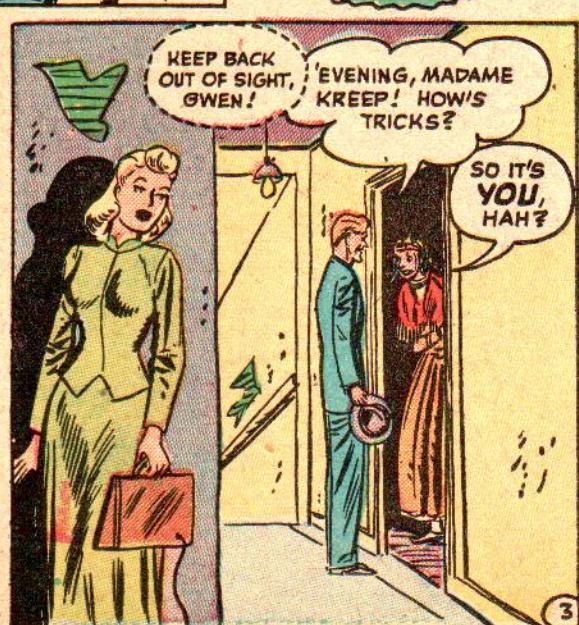
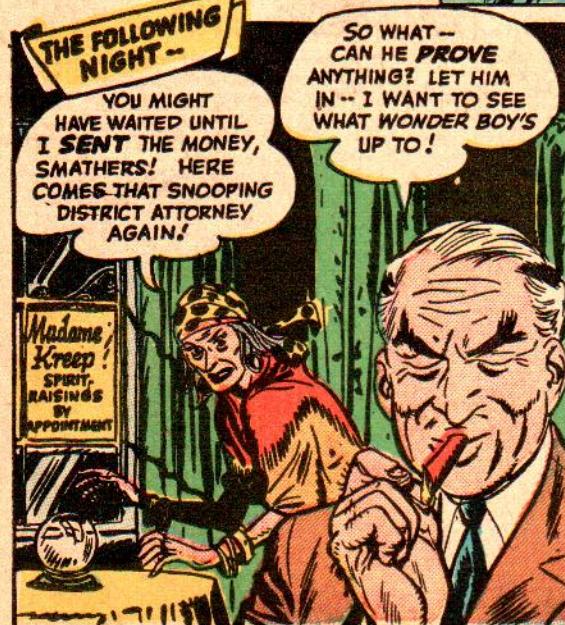
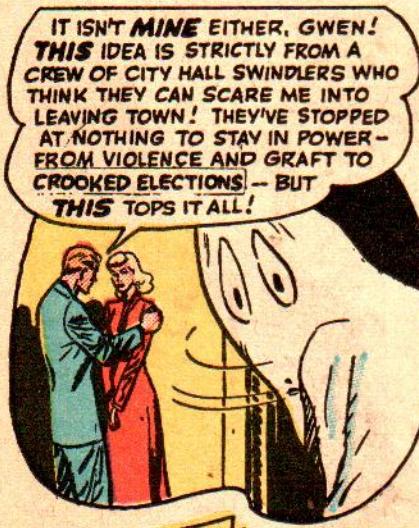
ME, TOO!
BUT IT'S A
PIECE OF
GENIUS, BOSS --
HAVING THE
CITY PROVIDE
A HOUSE
FOR ITS HONEST
YOUNG DISTRICT
ATTORNEY!



AT THAT
MOMENT --









NEXT DAY--AT CITY HALL--

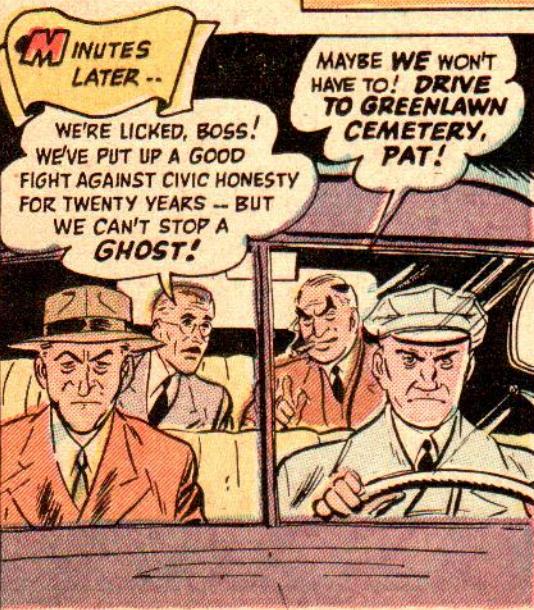
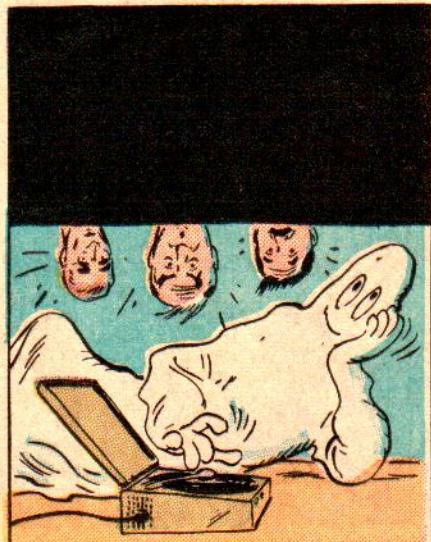
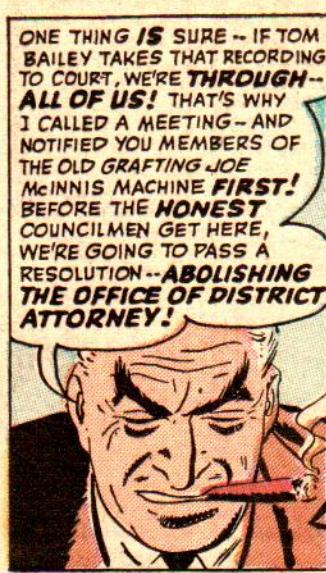
IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A GHOST, BOSS! YOU NEED A REST--YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD ON THOSE PHONY MUNICIPAL ACCOUNTS!

I DIDN'T GET YOU HERE TO TALK ABOUT WHAT I SAW OR WHAT I DIDN'T SEE! SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU--AND LISTEN!

ONE THING IS SURE--IF TOM BAILEY TAKES THAT RECORDING TO COURT, WE'RE THROUGH--**ALL OF US!** THAT'S WHY I CALLED A MEETING--AND NOTIFIED YOU MEMBERS OF THE OLD GRAFTING JOE McINNIS MACHINE **FIRST!** BEFORE THE **HONEST** COUNCILMEN GET HERE, WE'RE GOING TO PASS A RESOLUTION--**ABOLISHING THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY!**

NOW YOU'RE TALKING, BOSS! NO DISTRICT ATTORNEY--NO REFORM MOVEMENT! COME ON--LET'S GET THAT RESOLUTION DRAWN UP!-

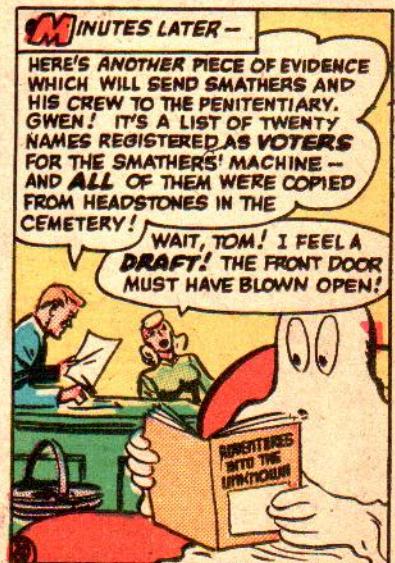
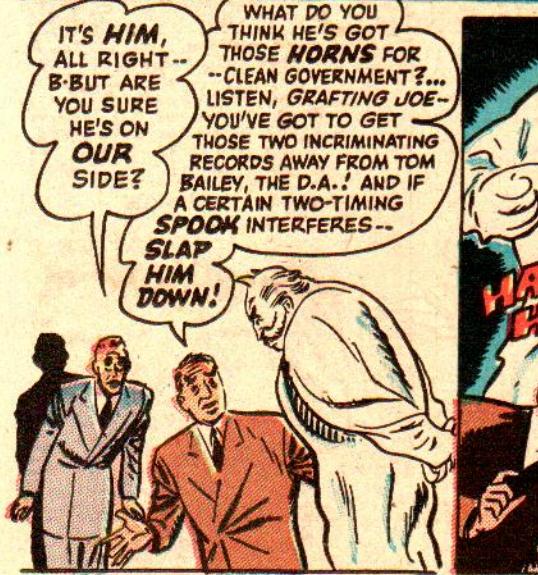
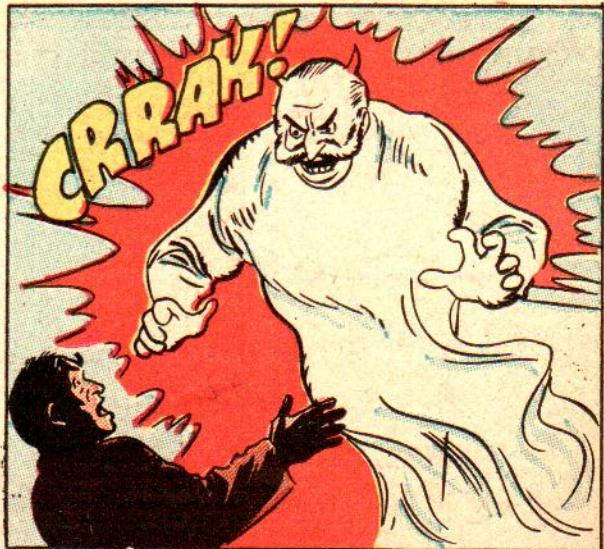
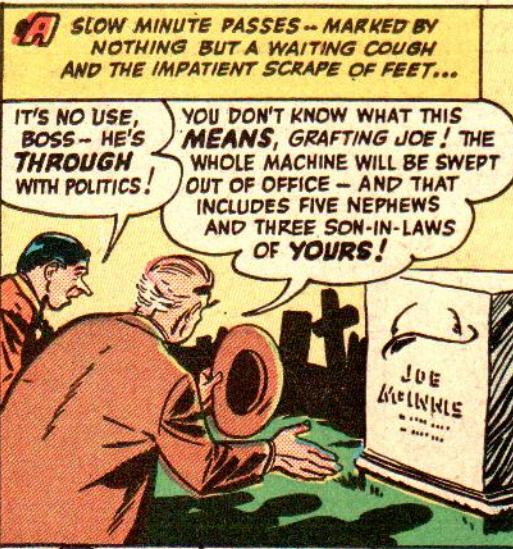
I'VE GOT IT! WE WON'T WASTE TIME ON A VOTE--IT **PASSES** WITH A STROKE OF THIS GAVEL!

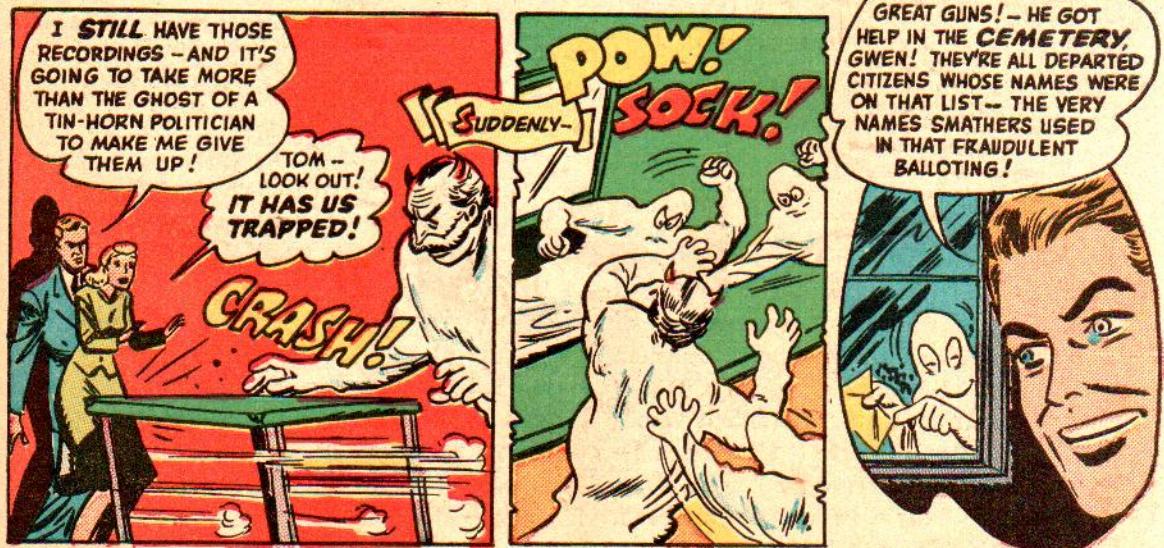
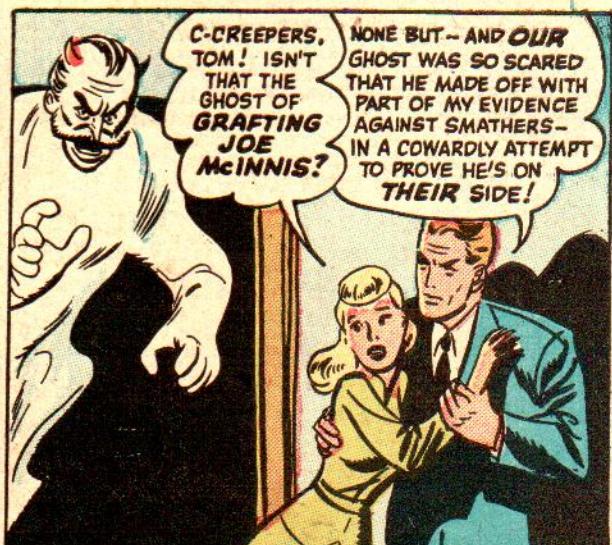


AS A CHILL WIND SENDS FALLEN LEAVES SCURRYING ACROSS THE SILENT CEMETERY--

IT'S ME--GRAFTING JOE--PETE SMATHERS! FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE YOU WENT TO YOUR REWARD, CHIEF, WE'RE IN TROUBLE--**AND YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US!**







DEATH of a CRITIC

ROBERT PRESTON, drama critic for the *World-Herald*, sat down at his typewriter with an air of obvious relish. This was his sole pleasure in life—tearing a play to pieces with words of bitter mockery. Preston exulted in the power of life or death he had over a new play, for when he flayed one in his daily column, the crowds stayed away from it in droves—and the play folded within a week. And that was why he felt a tingling anticipation as he began typing—because he knew his acid words would sound the death knell for the play he had just seen.

"*The Rajah's Daughter*," Preston wrote, "presented by a thoroughly incompetent new producer last night at the Regal Theatre, is the most moronic exhibition ever seen. The heroine—"

Preston hesitated. The heroine, a young Hindu girl of extraordinary beauty and talent, had been good—as a matter of fact, she had been the most accomplished new actress he had seen in years. But if he wrote that she was excellent, it would nullify his attack on the play, which he hadn't understood at all. And since Preston hated anything that was over his head, he made his decision—he'd blast the actress too! But just as he was casting about in his mind for the mocking words he would use to describe the girl, a soft, menacing voice behind him said, "Stop! You've got to be fair to her!"

Preston whirled in his chair and gasped at the tall, turbaned Hindu who stood in the room, arms crossed. "How . . . how did you get in here?" he gasped. "The door was locked!"

"We of the East ignore locks and doors," the Hindu said. "But you will not ignore the truth when you write about my daughter! She is extremely sensitive, with a fragile soul. I do not ask that you write lies about her. She will be the greatest

actress the East has ever produced—merely write the truth! You have been warned!"

Enraged, Preston reached into a desk drawer for his revolver, shouting, "How dare you threaten me? Get out of here or I'll—"

But when he looked up, gun in hand, the Hindu was gone. Preston couldn't understand his strange disappearance, but he was thoroughly angered now—and his mind was made up. When he got finished writing about that girl, they'd *laugh* her out of town!

The next evening, he read his column in the paper with huge satisfaction. He'd really thrown every barbed, contemptuous word in the dictionary at her. Then, his eye strayed to the next column, a short item telling of the suicidal leap from the ninth floor of her hotel by the actress who had starred in "*The Rajah's Daughter*."

Shaken for a moment, Preston shrugged and laughed it off. "That's the way it goes," he told himself. "The weak die and the strong survive!" Idly, he tossed the paper away—and suddenly gasped with horror as a pair of white, disembodied hands materialized out of nothingness and grasped it. A finger pointed to his column, and the hands began advancing slowly, slowly towards him.

Terror-stricken, afraid that he wasn't imagining things, Preston backed away . . . back . . . back—away from those ghostly hands! Then the hands made a sudden lunge for him, and Preston threw himself backwards—and suddenly felt himself crashing through the French windows—and out into space!

And as he hurtled downwards, just before he crashed to the sidewalk, Preston thought he heard the laughter of the Fates above him.

VISION of DEATH

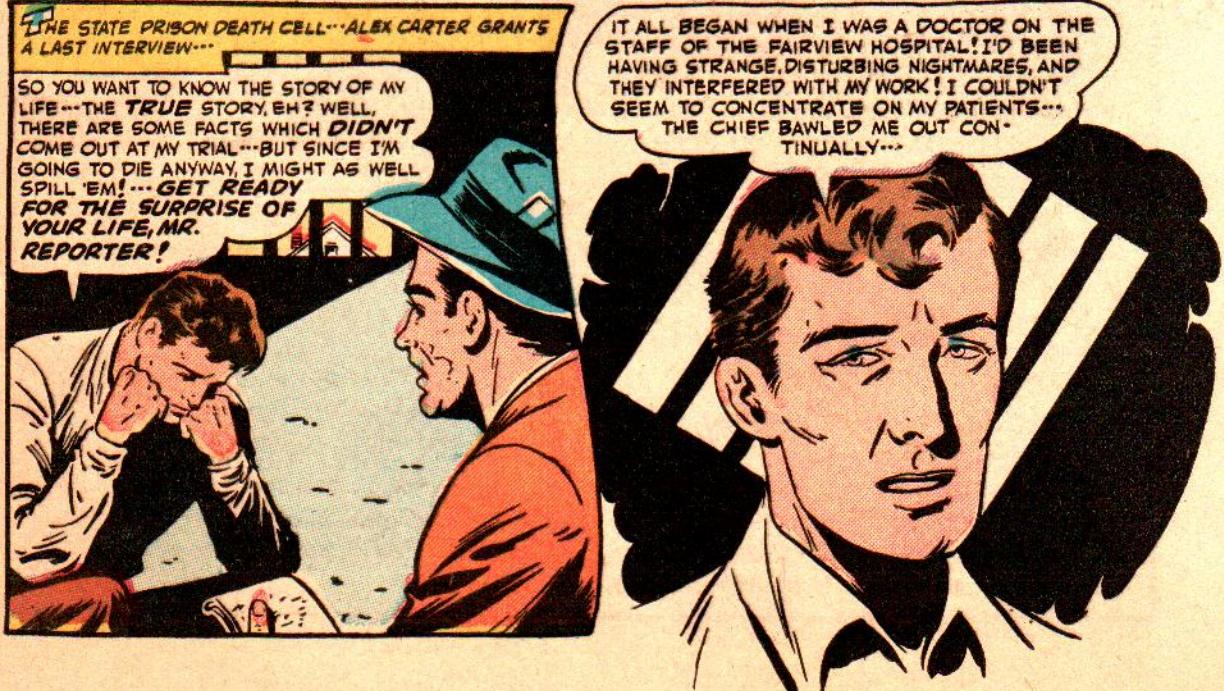


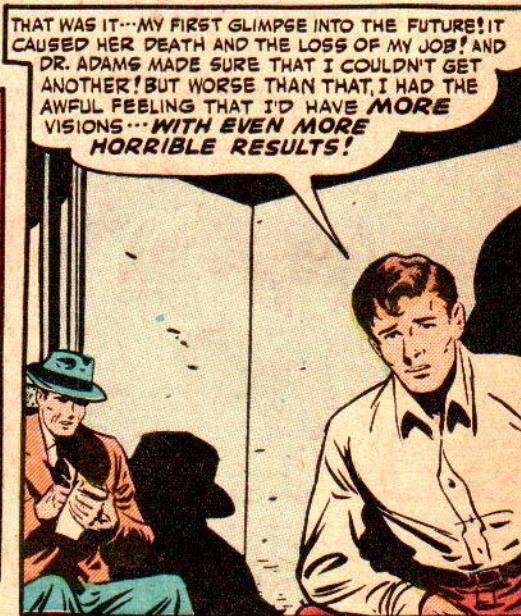
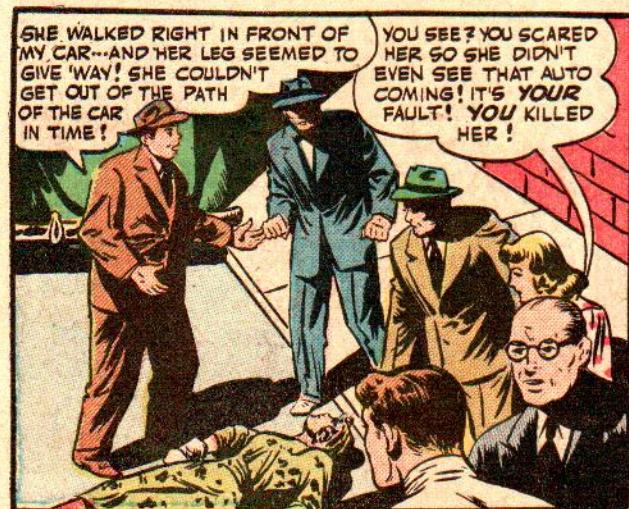
EVER FIND YOURSELF WALKING DOWN A STREET... A STREET YOU KNEW YOU'D NEVER SEEN... AND YET EXPERIENCE THE EERIE, FRIGHTENING SENSATION THAT SOMETIME, IN THE SHADOWY PAST, YOU'D BEEN THERE BEFORE? IT'S STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS... BUT IT'S HAPPENED TO MANY OF US! BUT ALEX CARTER HAD AN EVEN STRANGER VISION... WHEN MATE JOINED UP WITH THE FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN, BRINGING HIM THE PICTURE OF HIS OWN DEATH!

THE STATE PRISON DEATH CELL... ALEX CARTER GRANTS A LAST INTERVIEW...

SO YOU WANT TO KNOW THE STORY OF MY LIFE -- THE TRUE STORY, EH? WELL, THERE ARE SOME FACTS WHICH DIDN'T COME OUT AT MY TRIAL -- BUT SINCE I'M GOING TO DIE ANYWAY, I MIGHT AS WELL SPILL 'EM! ... GET READY FOR THE SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE, MR. REPORTER!

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I WAS A DOCTOR ON THE STAFF OF THE FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL! I'D BEEN HAVING STRANGE, DISTURBING NIGHTMARES, AND THEY INTERFERED WITH MY WORK! I COULDN'T SEEM TO CONCENTRATE ON MY PATIENTS... THE CHIEF BAWLED ME OUT CONTINUALLY...





"**HIS OFFICE WAS MARKED MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS!** AS A DOCTOR, MAYBE I COULD GET A JOB THERE... WATCH HIM UNTIL I SAW MY CHANCE..."



"**HMM... I COULD** USE A PHYSICIAN FOR TECHNICAL ARTICLES! I'D BE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU JOIN OUR STAFF!"



"**IRONICALLY, PRENTISS SEEMED TO TAKE A LIKING TO ME!** THEN CAME A DAY... A DAY I WISH HAD NEVER DAWNED..."

"WE OUGHT TO BE MORE FRIENDLY, OLD MAN... AND I'M THROWING A LITTLE PARTY TONIGHT! THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT?"

"WHY, I... SUPPOSE SO!"



"**HIS FIANCÉE WAS THERE!** SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL... AND FLIRTATIOUS! SHE LOOKED AT ME ONCE... AND I REALIZED **WHY** PRENTISS WOULD TRY TO KILL ME!"



"**ALEX, MEET ANGELA**... THE GIRL I'M GOING TO MARRY! I KNOW YOU TWO ARE GOING TO BE GOOD FRIENDS!"

"**I'M SURE WE WILL... VERY GOOD FRIENDS!**"



"**IT WAS A GOOD PARTY, BUT I WANTED NONE OF IT... OR OF HER!** I HAD TO STOP IT... THE INEVITABLE FLOW OF EVENTS THAT WAS SO SURELY MOVING... TOWARD MY DEATH!"

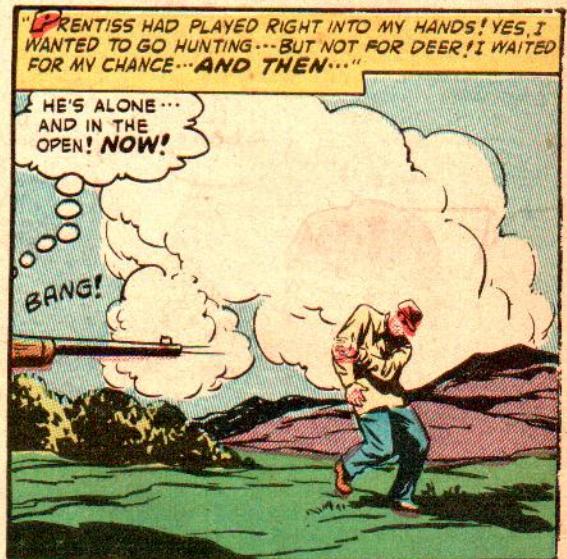
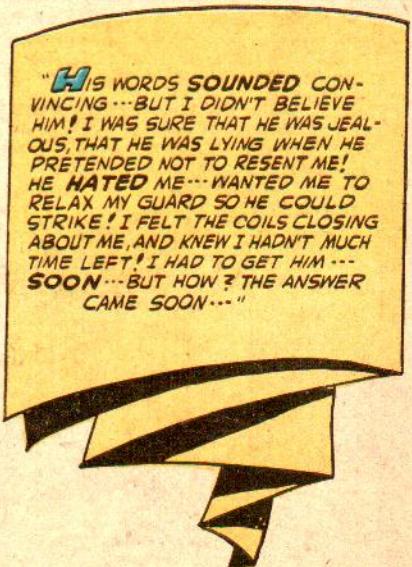
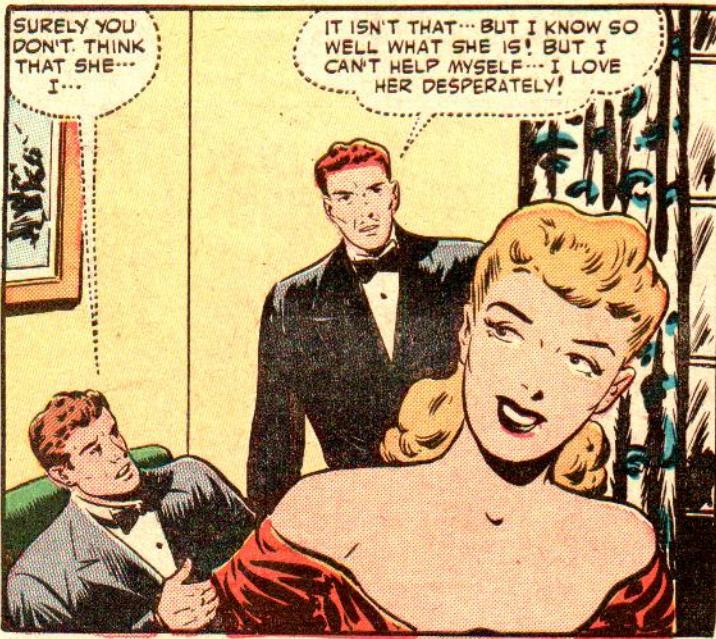
"**SO THERE YOU ARE!** HOW CAN WE BECOME FRIENDLY IF YOU..."



"**PLEASE... KEEP AWAY FROM ME!**"

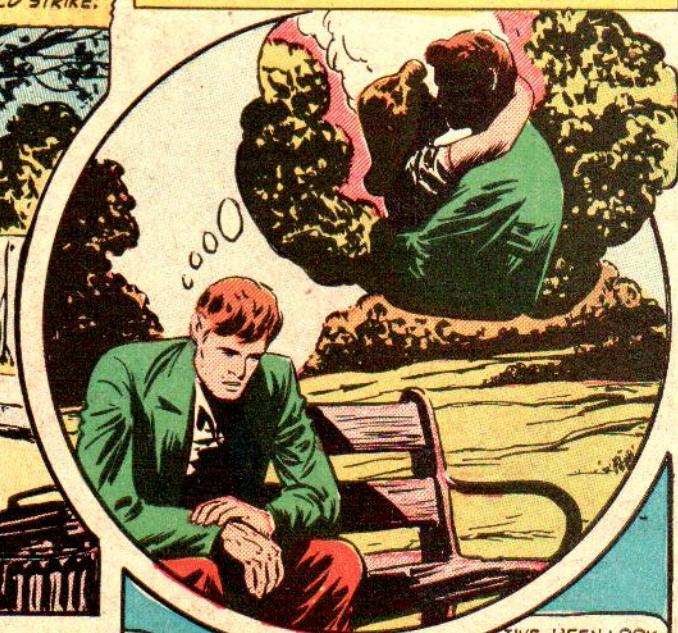
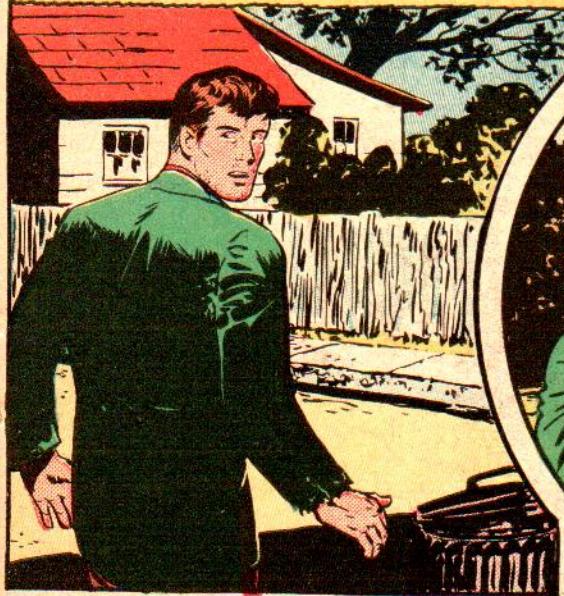
"**ANGELA!** I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU... AND NOW I FIND YOU HERE! ER... WOULD YOU MIND IF I TALKED TO ALEX... ALONE?"





"AND SO ONCE AGAIN I WAS JOBLESS! THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT...BUT FEAR! I WANDERED, POVERTY DOGGING MY STEPS, SINKING LOWER AND LOWER... WAITING FOR THE VENGEANCE I KNEW WOULD STRIKE!"

"DEEP WITHIN ME WELLED THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN---SOON! AND A NEW VISION OCCURRED --- SOMETHING UNEXPECTED!"



"YES, WE WERE HAPPY TOGETHER... FOR A WHILE! THEN, HER ATTITUDE SEEMED TO CHANGE! SHE SEEMED TO AVOID ME... STARTED COMING HOME LATE! I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT... UNTIL..."



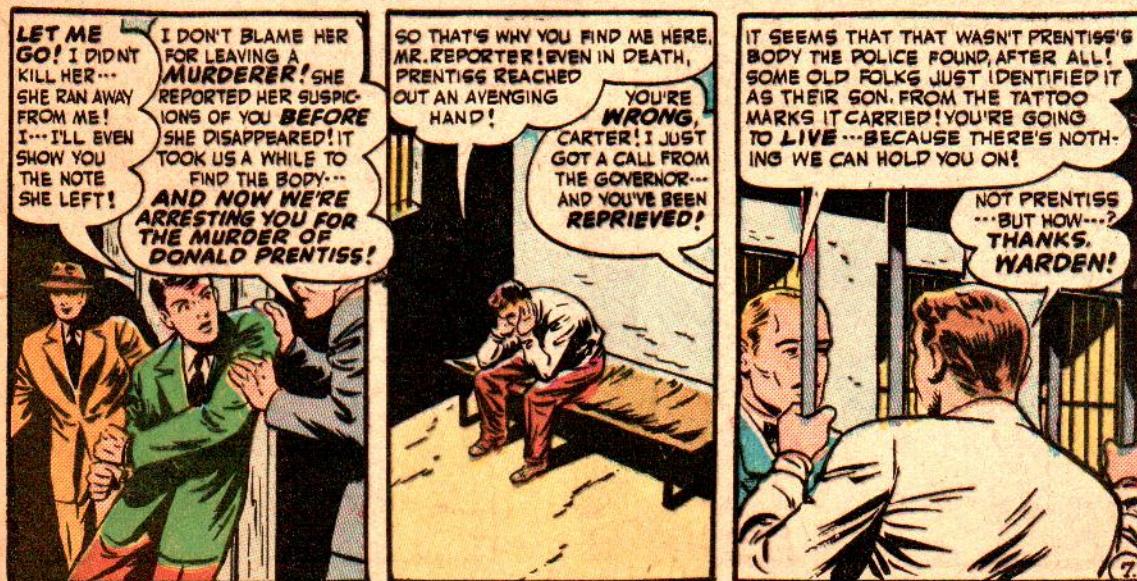
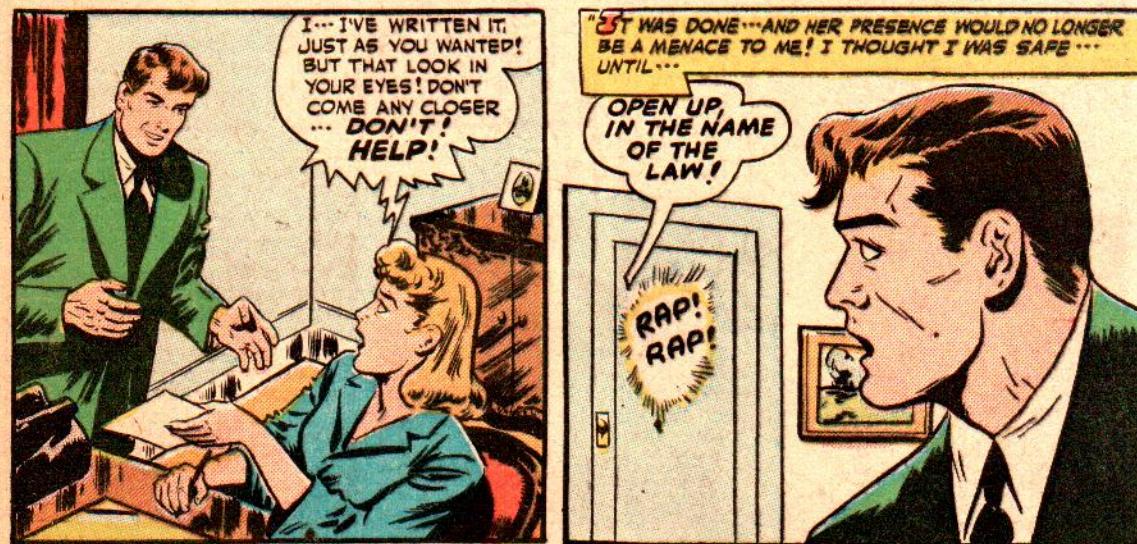
"Later..."

I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I SAW YOU WITH DONALD PRENTISS TODAY!

SO WHAT? I'M TIRED OF YOU AND YOUR COWARDLY WAYS! AND YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING TO BE AFRAID OF NOW! HE WANTS ME TO BE HIS WIFE... SO MUCH THAT HE'S GOING TO KILL YOU!

"HE STUMBLED, LOWERING THE GUN... AND I SAW MY CHANCE! DESPERATELY I CHARGED... WE GRAPPLED AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF..."





I...I'M NOT GOING TO DIE! BUT YOU, MR. REPORTER--NOW YOU KNOW THAT I KILLED BOTH OF THEM! PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T TELL! I'LL DO ANYTHING IF... SAY, YOUR FACE! IT'S STARTING TO LOOK FAMILIAR...AS IF I'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE! GREAT HEAVENS...YOU'RE NO REPORTER! YOU'RE...



I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT RECOGNIZING ME BEFORE--NOT WITH THE PLASTIC SURGERY I NEEDED AFTER THAT FALL OVER THE CLIFF! YOU SEE--I WASN'T KILLED IN THAT FALL, AFTER ALL!



"A HOBO FOUND ME...BROUGHT ME BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS! AS I LAY THERE, GATHERING MY SENSES, I SUDDENLY GOT AN IDEA!"



FEELIN' BETTER, MISTER?

YES--IT'S A... GOOD THING YOU HAPPENED ALONG! A VERY GOOD THING!

"THERE WAS A ROCK NEAR MY HAND...AND I KNEW NOBODY WOULD MISS HIM! I DRESSED HIM IN MY CLOTHES, AND MADE SURE HE COULDN'T BE RECOGNIZED! THEN... I CONTACTED ANGELA!"

--SO THAT'S THE STORY! I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE POLICE! TELL THEM THAT CARTER THREATENED ME, AND THAT I'M MISSING! DON'T TELL THEM WHERE MY BODY IS SUPPOSED TO BE... YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT! CARTER'S HASH WILL BE SETTLED...AND WE CAN BE MARRIED THEN!

I CAME HERE TO WATCH YOU SUFFER--AS I HAVE-- TO GLOAT AS I WATCHED YOUR LAST HOURS! I LOVED ANGELA... BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN REPRIVED...

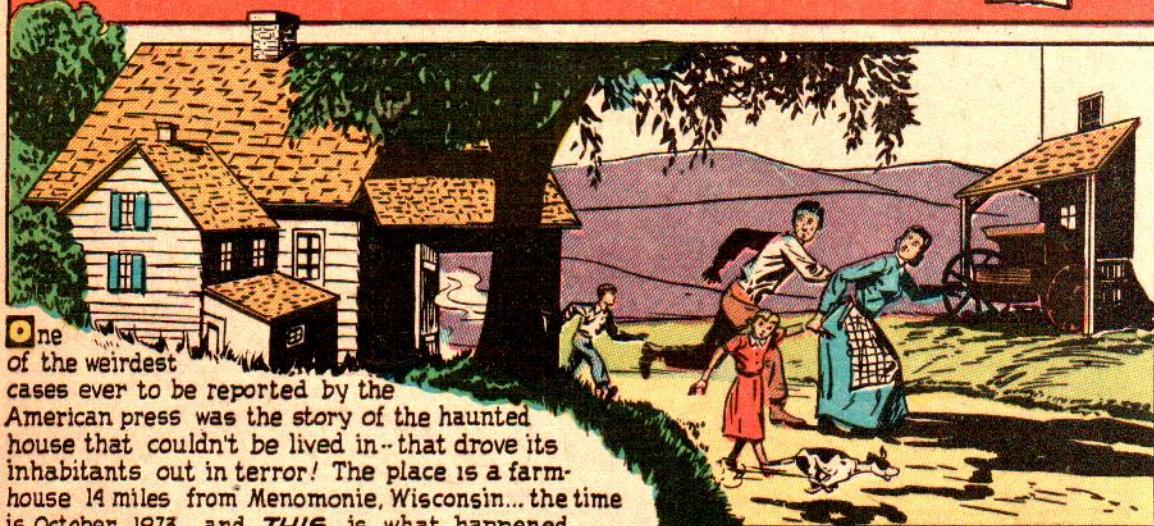


BANG!

AND SO ALEX CARTER DIED--EXACTLY AS HIS VISION HAD WARNED! DID THESE STRANGE IMAGES FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN REALLY FORETELL THE FUTURE? BY TRYING TO AVERT HIS DEATH, DID HE BUT MAKE HIS END MORE CERTAIN? DOES DARK DESTINY SHAPE OUR COURSE? WHAT DO YOUR THINK, READER?

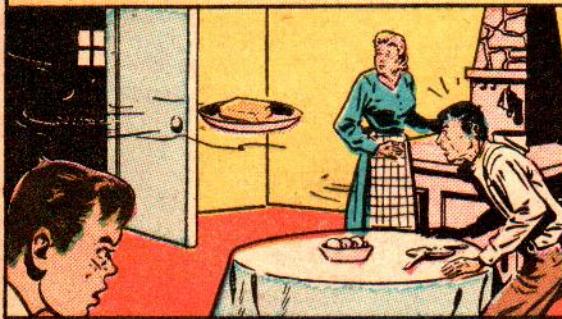
UNCANNY MYSTERIES

CASE of the UNINHABITABLE HOUSE!



One of the weirdest cases ever to be reported by the American press was the story of the haunted house that couldn't be lived in--that drove its inhabitants out in terror! The place is a farmhouse 14 miles from Menomonie, Wisconsin... the time is October, 1873... and **THIS** is what happened...

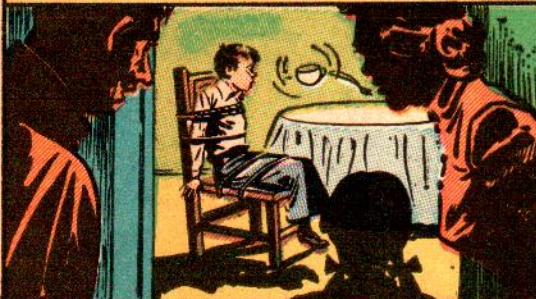
THE FIRST EVIDENCE OF AN UNCANNY FORCE IN THE HOUSE WAS THE UNBELIEVABLE FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR OF A KITCHEN PAN! WHAT STRANGE PRESENCE SUPPORTED IT?



THEN STRANGE DOINGS AT THE SUPPER TABLE--WHERE EGGS SUDDENLY ROSE FROM THEIR PLATTERS AND TEACUPS LEAPED UP AS IF PROPELLED BY SOME UNSEEN HAND!



SINCE THE PHENOMENA SEEMED TO CENTER AROUND ONE OF THE CHILDREN, THE INCREDULOUS PARENTS THOUGHT THE BOY WAS MERELY PLAYING TRICKS! BUT WHEN THEY TIED HIM TO A CHAIR, THE TEACUPS STILL DANCED AS MADLY AS EVER!



BUT THE MOST HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCE OF ALL OCCURRED THE DAY ONE OF THE CHILDREN WAS STANDING IDLY NEAR HER MOTHER. ONE MOMENT AND...



...THE NEXT MOMENT SUDDENLY FOUND THAT HER HAIR HAD BEEN SHEARED OFF BY SOME EERIE FORCE FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN!

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL INVESTIGATED THE STORY, BUT TO THIS DAY, THE CASE REMAINS AN UNEXPLAINED EXAMPLE OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

Let's Go, Pal!
 I'll prove I can make you
 an **"ALL-AROUND"**
HE-MAN

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. P. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City



Just a Few of the Records of
George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions":

- World's welter weight wrestling champion at 17
- World's weight lifting champion at 19
- Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world
- Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body... plus many, many other world records!

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Give me 10 Easy Minutes a Day — Without Strain!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis — that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back — in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jolt you with power and self-confidence to master any situation — to win popularity — and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

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A. PASSAMONT

Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS

Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest — then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



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Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide — if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

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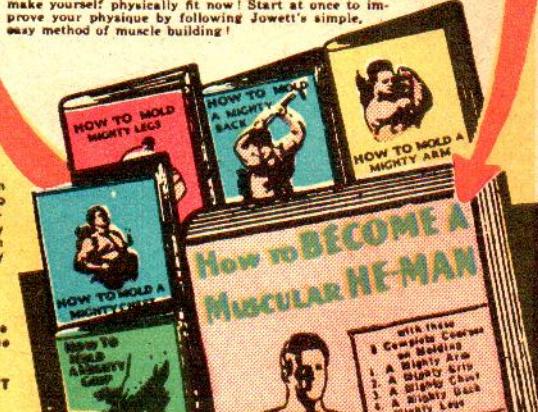
**BUILD A BODY
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I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST! So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses All in 1 great complete volume FOR ONLY

PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!

At last all 5 of Jowett's, World-Famous Muscle-Building Courses are available in one great complete volume to thousands of readers of this publication for the "get-acquainted", extremely low price of only 10c! You owe it to your country, to your family and to yourself to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building!

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BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But then, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls

Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

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Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

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UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!



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No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

